MODERN
MAN
QUARTERLY
ONE DOLLAR
FALL EDITION
LATEST
BEAUTIES from ABROAD
THE GHOST of ROLLS ROYCE
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL
ON EARTH
VOLUME SIXTEEN

**ON THE COVER**

*Featured on the cover is lovely Sandra Edwards, as rendered by the lens of photo-artist Peter Gowland.*

# Modern Man Quarterly

**VOLUME SIXTEEN**

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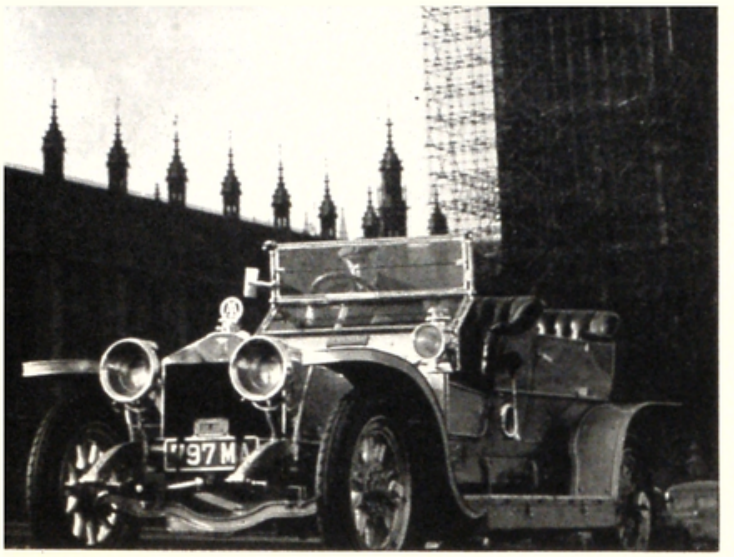


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MODERN MAN IMPORTS . . .

# Beauties from Abroad

ELKE

LIKE THE FOREIGN AUTO IMPORTS—the
wagens, Fiats and Renaults which are stre
into the States this year—another kind of c
from overseas is gaining increased recogniti
stead of metal, the rear ends of these chassis
shapely softness. Their pleasingly-rounded
lights are way out in front and their mecha
(as the kid's rhyme says) are sugar and sp

And, as in the case of the Volks, Fiat and Re
these chassis also hail from Germany, Italy
France respectively. They are labeled the
(an awe-inspiring classical design), the Nuc
sleekly streamlined model) and the Josette (
cinating, eye-widening body).

Elke is ebullient Elke Summer, a pulchritu
piece of equipment from West Berlin. Her 19
have been put to excellent use constructing a
linear 38-23-37 frame. A fast-moving actres
two apprentice years in Italian movies shoul
vide the fuel for a one-way trip to Hollywo

Nuccia is comely Nuccia Cardinali who
the lines on a Fiat as dated as Henry's first
T. Nuccia pulled into her first movie part wh
was six years old. Thirteen years later, she g
Latin audiences as a singer-dancer, earning a
screen test which caused a sensation and sh
traveled open-throttle toward stardom ever

Josette is lovely Josette Laroche whose pri
reads: Export of France Bound for U.S. Cu
making her second film, Josette is a migh
provement over most chassis seen along Am
streets. Where the Renault juts, Josette c
where the Renault is small, Josette is more tha
ficient; and where the Renault is hard, Jos
decidedly supple.

One last word of instruction before we put
chassis to an intensive visual test. It should
membered that these imports are *not* auto
(despite our metaphor) and must be handle
the utmost care. One thing certain, you'll
trade them in for next year's models.

Elke
Summer

# *Elke*

***Bulging bustily,*** *fast-rising screen queen fairly exudes elfin appeal.*

***Buxom backview*** *catches bare-topped Teuton in woods. Elke is embodiment of childishness, sexuality.*

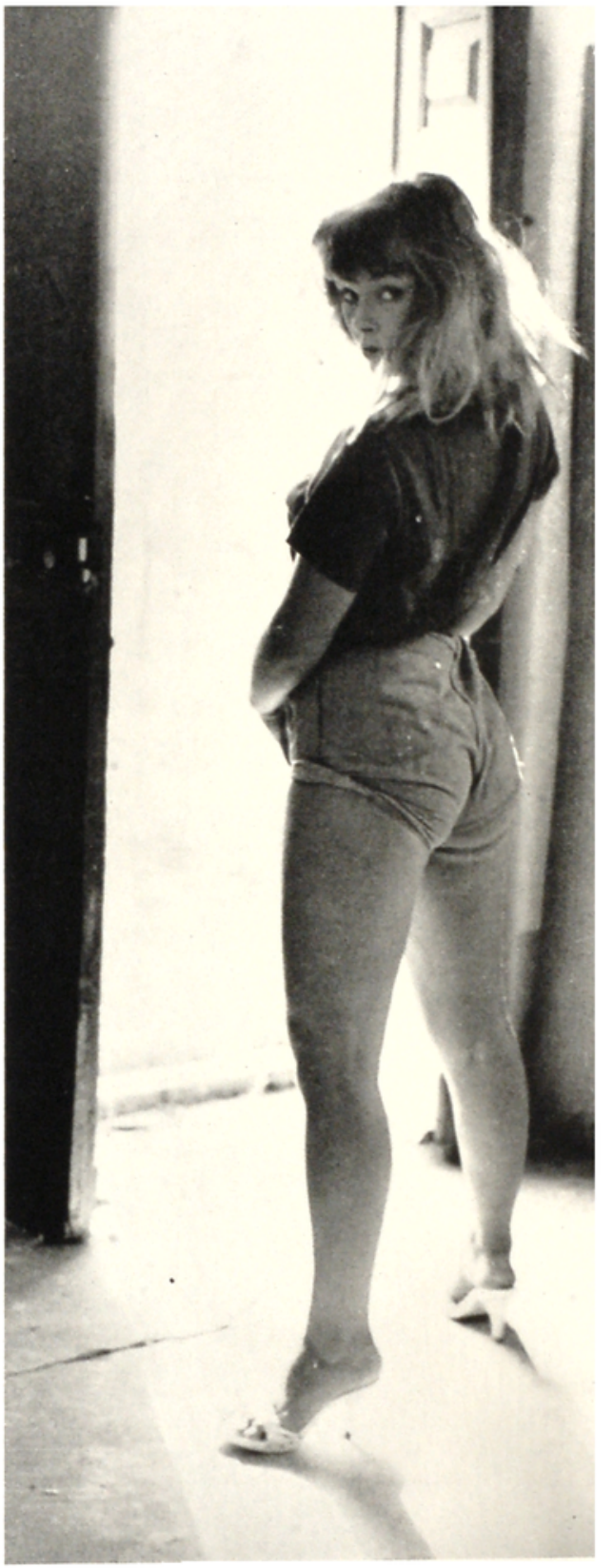
WHEELING into our curve-'n-cleavage catalogue, we come first upon the pretty blonde head of Elke Summer. The face, with its ripe, provocative pout, and the figure, with its lush, robustly-rounded curves, are scheduled for American import this winter. Currently they are parading about Rome, raising eyebrows, dropping jaws and keeping Italian directors frantic finding new screen roles for this exciting seductress from the north country.

Born in Germany some 19 years ago, Elke has been in Italy for the past 20 months. However, she is not nearly as impressed with Rome as Rome is with her. Elke finds the traditionally love-hungry Latins highly amorous but not highly attractive and has grown adept in the much-envied art of putting off producers while accepting roles in their movies. When told she might find Americans the same, insistent, single-minded way, Elke smiled and said, "If they're good-looking, then . . . well, life could be much worse."

In the traditional Germanic way, Elke plunges her endless energies into a list of activities longer than Italy's boot. Horsewoman, fencer and skier, Elke also hikes on weekends, plays water polo for pleasure and climbs mountains for exercise. And a date with Elke usually means the night club circuit, rich cuisine, having your legs danced away by a partner who never tires and topping off the early hours with a dip in the ocean.

**Precariously** *perched on fence, sweater-swelling femme displays what slays love-conscious Latins. Ebullient Elke worships outdoors, insisted on photo session in country.*

**Supple-stemmed** *siren risks neck to give good angle. Elke was vacationing in Italy when she got first film offer.*



***Sultry stance*** *in doorway dramatizes lusty charm of Rhineland sexport. In each of her five films, Elke has played provocative wench who drives men wild.*

**Sensuously** *arching back, youthful eyeful greets sun with splendidly rounded shape.*

**Sorry** *to see session end, enticing Elke allows herself rare expression of melancholy.*

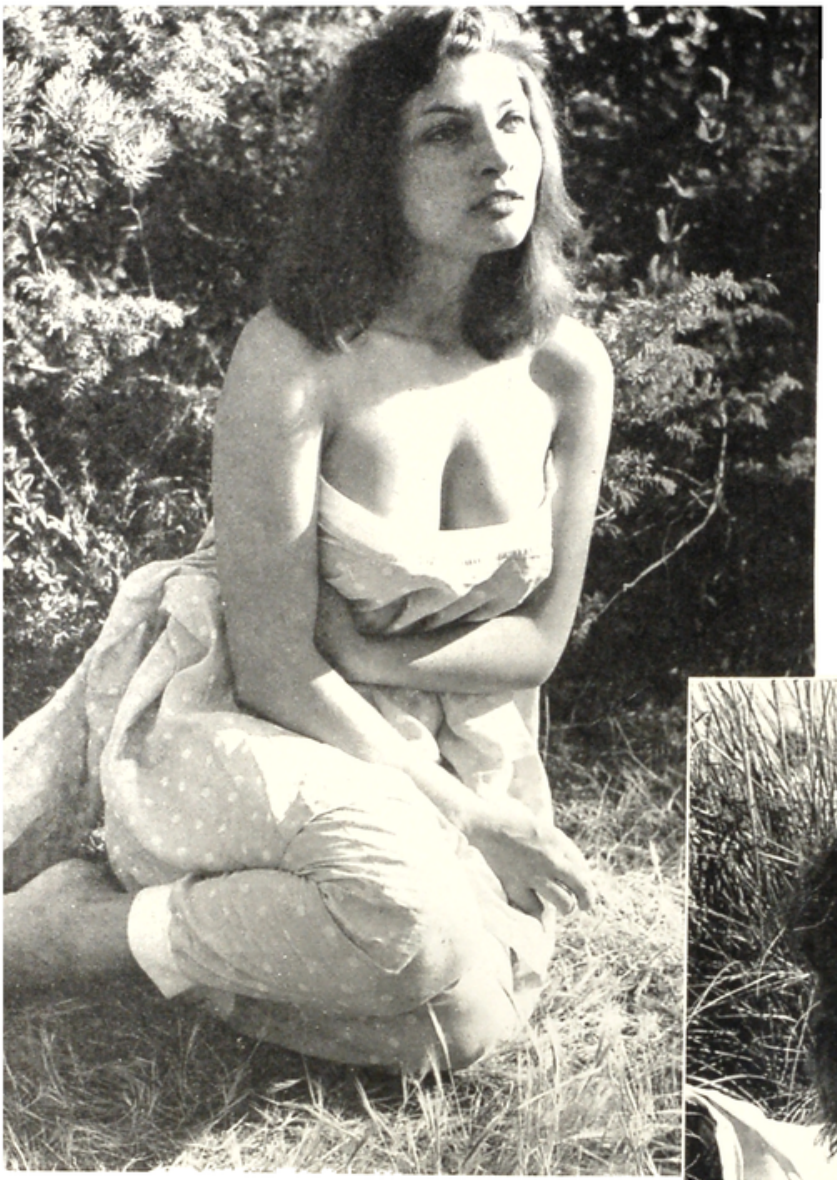
At present, Elke is making her fifth film, a sex-bulging scenario complete with a handsome, shiftless lover who deserts his pregnant girl friend. However, as played by appetite-arousing Elke in peasant blouses and flimsy slips, it is as hard to detect her alleged condition as it is to understand her boy friend's reason for leaving.

The drama bubbles quickly into comedy when the village *paisani*—always fast on the scent—learn of nasty Nicolo's desertion and rush en masse to console Elke. The outcome of this confused courting is that Elke, with two pillows under her bridal whites, marches down the aisle with a local doctor while her repentent lover stands outside the church looking on in envy.

Although happy with her Italian work, Elke is eager to explore new horizons. She has a December plane ticket to Hollywood, where all European stars are eventually drawn by the bright, dazzling lure of American cash. And few Europeans will be surprised if Elke hits that tinsel and money-trimmed town with the impact of a sextomic bomb.

***Showing sightly expanse*** *of leg, Elke relaxes during smoke break. Berlin-born belle speaks four languages, will come to U.S. this year.*

Nuccia
Cardinali



***Wrapped*** *in pajamas, Nuccia exudes intense allure. Lovely Latin has appeared in three films, each time as femme fatale.*

***Waxing*** *restless in morning sun, almond-eyed siren spends leisure on sand. Nuccia is devotee of dance, wants musical career.*

***Passing*** *Rome's Colosseum, she slows cars. Actress thinks Americans fail to enjoy life.*

***Swaddled** in sheet, Nuccia makes sumptuous bundle. She hopes to make musical film in U.S.*

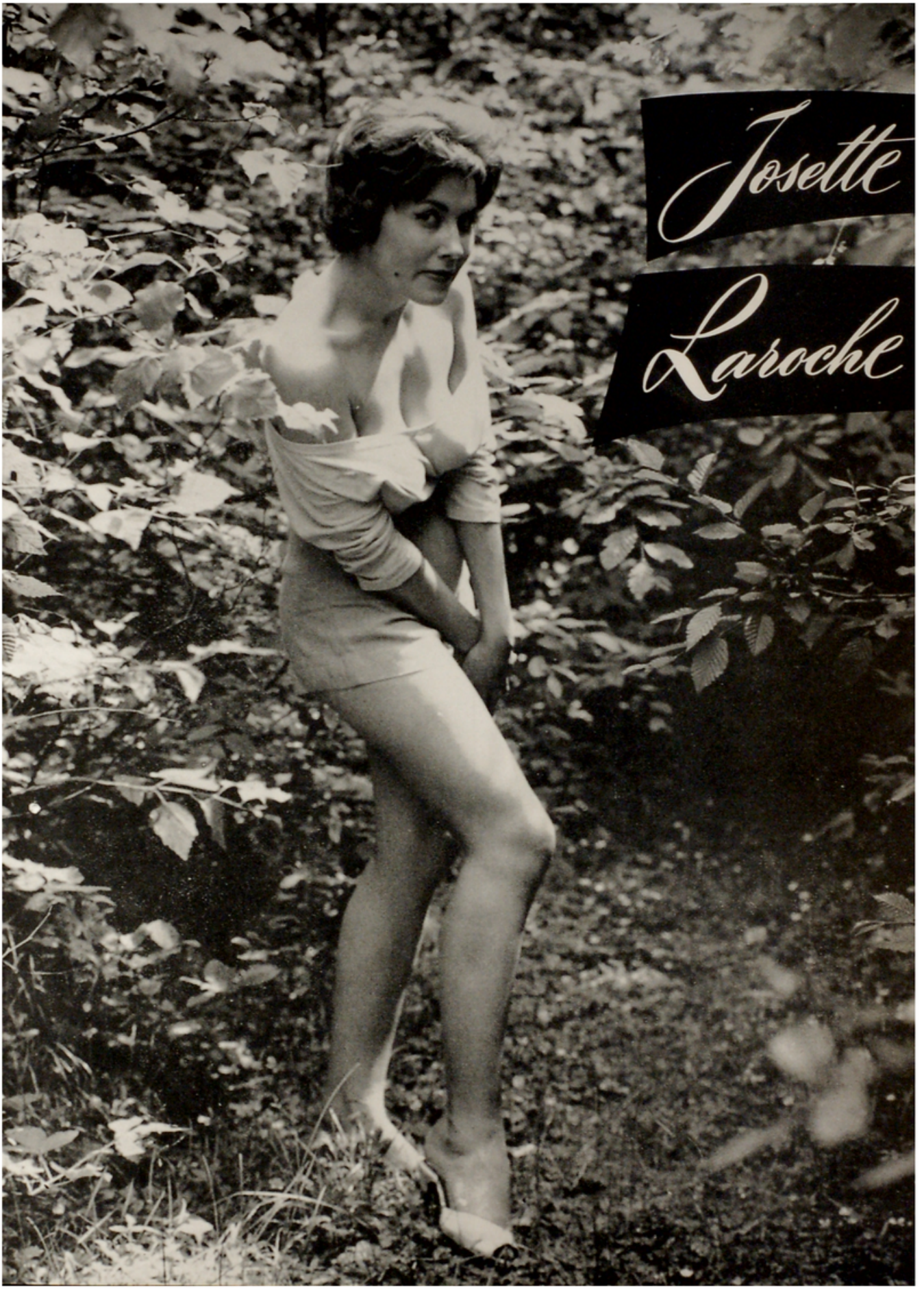
# *Nuccia*

F ANY ITALIAN chassis outstrips the stylish Alfa Romeo, it is the one belonging to svelte Nuccia ardinali. Sultrily feline, Nuccia sought fame or two years as a singer-dancer before a sharp end in her career road came in the form of a :reen test. The part called for a seductive slum irl and fetching Nuccia was a hip-flipping sensa-on. Offered a fat contract, she accepted and has een going heavy on the tight-skirted, instinct-ousing roles ever since.

Although Nuccia has frequently tried a return dancing by auditioning for musicals, Italian pro-ucers have never lost sight of where the most *lire* e, and in each film, Nuccia has been a lost, eek-bodied, semi-cruel vixen who delights in turn-g strong men to putty. Gusty critical plaudits ave greeted Nuccia's role in each of her hyper-xed sagas, which is a distinct accomplishment in irt-crazed Italy, where vamps are as common as sagna or spumoni. But Nuccia — while grateful r the fame her femme fatale-ing has afforded still longs for a musical career. This explains her ending junket to the States.

"Because there is no one like me in your musi-ls," Nuccia says, "I have a chance to create a ew kind of star. Leslie Caron did that and I'm oping I can too." Can Nuccia do it? Our guess that when Hollywood's cinema sultans see Nuc-a in a black beret, tight blouse and black skirt t to her taunting hips, she will once more be cast the man-melting siren she created so memo-bly on European screens. But she will be doing e lusty singing and dancing she loves.

***acing** as fresh sea breeze, Nuccia generates vi-ant charm. Lithe-figured Roman turned tempo-rily from singing after sensational screen test.*


Josette
Laroche

***Sexily half-sprawling,*** *Josette appears as she does in current film. French actress' nude debut has provoked wild uproar.*

THE LAST CHASSIS on our survey of future imports belongs to lovely, long-lashed Josette Laroche. Recently the hectic center of a film-banning controversy, provocative Josette found herself transformed from a pretty ingénue on the fringes of France's crowded cinema industry to one of the most oft-mentioned femmes in France. The ban—announced in Germany and several rural districts of France — was leveled against the current war drama *Strange Coercion,* in which Josette is stripped to the skin by a drunken German officer.

Ordinarily, a Frenchman is excited by an publicly exposed expanse of feminine flesh about as much as an Englishman is aroused by crumpets and cricket, but the premiering of *Strange Coercion* exploded in France like a fan dancer at a church bazaar. Josette, portraying a village girl threatened with death by the French underground if she collaborates with the Germans, is half-lured, half-forced into the woods by a wine-inspired German captain. He pulls her into the grass despite her pleadings and begins some torrid fraternizing with her.

This scene is filmed through reedy grass, but against a moon-lit horizon the action is excitingly revealed. Josette struggles at first, resisting the grunting officer's drunken advances. But when he threatens violence to her brother who works in a labor gang, the camera records her enforced disrobing piece by piece.

The uncovering of Josette's shimmering white body in the

***Erotica*** *on stone, Josette brings vibrant life to cement wall. Her first film will not be shown in U.S. cinemas.*

***Smiling slightly,*** *Josette kneels among ferns, showing pretty posterior. Femme's salary will quadruple for next flick.*

# *Josette*

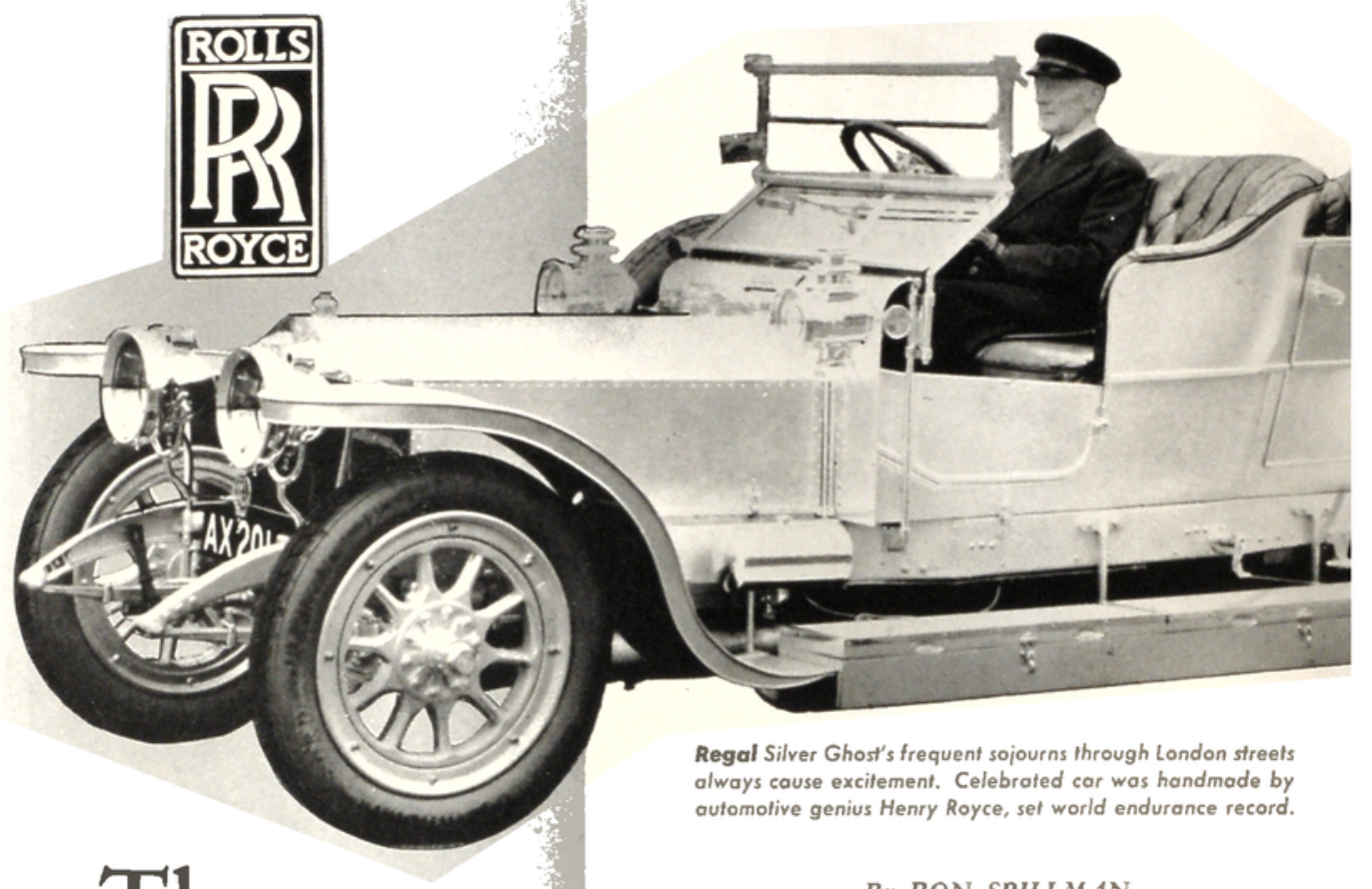
forest moonlight triggered a pandemonium of critical frenzy. Depending on which paper you read, *Strange Coercion* was called "a masterpiece of revealed passion," or bitterly denounced as "depraved and aimed to arouse carnal instincts." But through this bluenose-inspired hoopla, Josette has remained pleasantly surprised—first at the fuss so many people made over her, then at the spiraling offers that began pouring in from movie studios.

Now making her avidly awaited second film, Josette intends to trek the glamour trail to Hollywood as soon as her one-picture contract expires. Since the GI's marched across France, Josette has shown a weakness for American males, a penchant kept warm by the rugged, restrained, John Wayne-like heroes she sees in American movies.

A tape measure tour of Josette's uncovered contours ends in a retina-tickling reading of 38-24-36. But once under Hollywood's respectable wings, friendly Josette will have sported in her last *au naturel* pose. So MODERN MAN wants every man to see this Yank-fascinated femme before prudery and propriety spoil all the fun.

**Leaning** on tree, joy-inspiring Josette exudes ecstat c aura. Despite love for Continent, chesty chick who measures supple 38-24-36 plans to settle stateside.

**Relaxing** on grass, Josette conveys bliss, Gallic charm. French fascination. Svelte-shaped starlet has been praised as "France's best figure, Bardot not excluded.




***Regal** Silver Ghost's frequent sojourns through London streets always cause excitement. Celebrated car was handmade by automotive genius Henry Royce, set world endurance record.*

# The GHOST of ROLLS ROYCE

*With 54 years, 500,000 **miles** behind her, glistening **Silver** Ghost symbolizes **automotive** perfection, one man's **genius.***

*By RON SPILLMAN*

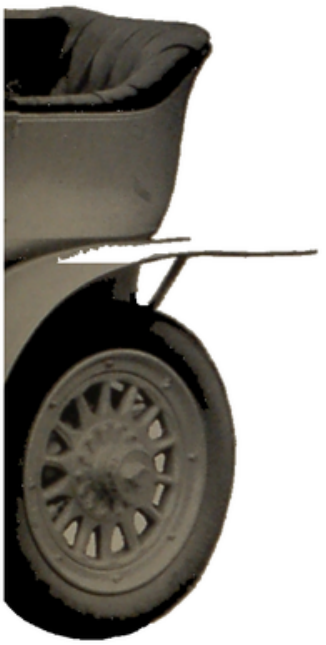
IN THE DAYS of chugging, coughing, hand-crank cars, an unknown Englishman with a minimum of mechanical training was growing disgusted with the world's top automotive efforts. He had watched rule-of-thumb designers build old saucepan lids into crankcases and had ridden in dozens of new cars that bounced like stagecoaches and sounded like boiler factories once they passed 30 mph. He was Henry Royce, builder of Rolls Royce's first car, the inimitable Silver Ghost.

Today, Londoners stop and stare each time the Silver Ghost sweeps through town with her chrome glistening brighter than any new car. After 54 driving years and over 500,000 miles on the road, she is as noiseless, sleek and smooth-running as the day in 1905 when Royce, who was later knighted for his achievements, made the last motor tune up and took her on her maiden spin.

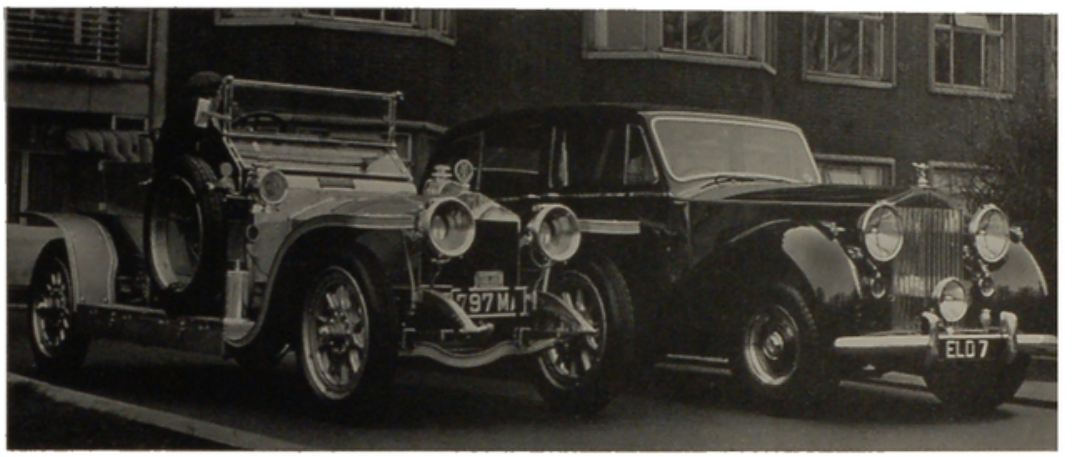
Despite the time lapse of over half a century, the Ghost bears unmistakable resemblance to Rolls Royce's current Silver Cloud cars. The triangular radiator is identical (though the RR sign was changed from red to black when Sir Henry died in 1933), and the Ghost's springs, built for the carriage tracks of 1906, rides today's roads like a ball bearing on a plastic sheet.

Inside the superb hood is the heart of the matter — the 48 B.H.P. engine that revolutionized the motor industry. It was designed by Sir Henry, of whom admiring grease monkeys remarked, "He has oil in his veins, and his heart has a firing sequence of one, three, two, four."

After getting his car off the rollers in time for the British

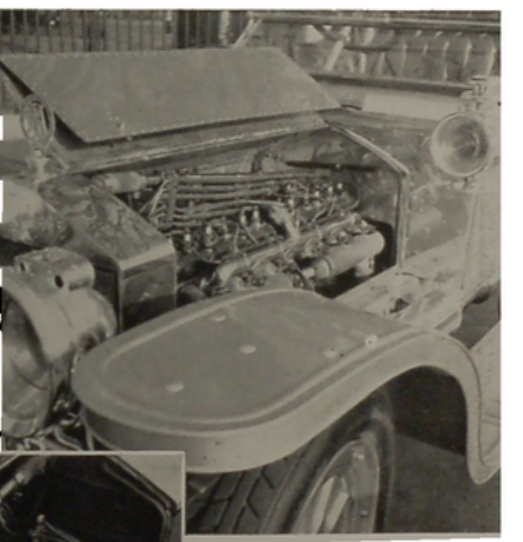


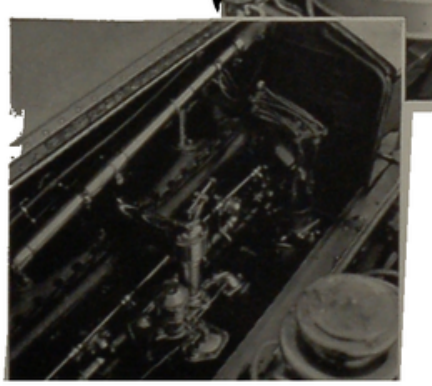
***Famous 1907 rally*** *brought Ghost together with smaller, 30-hp cars. Royce's partner, engineer E. S. Rolls, drives car 2nd from left.*




***Standing*** *beside stately Rolls Royce of today, Silver Ghost's extensive styling influence is readily apparent. Dignified, distinctive lines characterize both Rolls cars.*

***Intake*** *(right), exhaust (below) sides of RR Ghost engine. Wiring loom (joining to plugs at right) links two sides. Henry Royce designed entire car.*





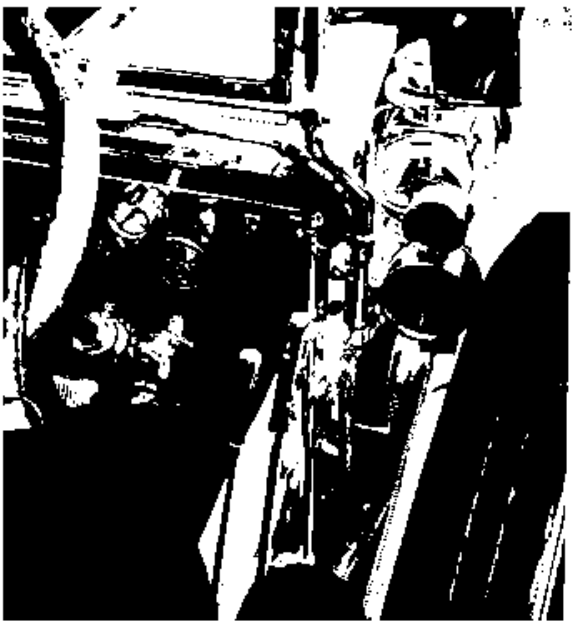
Motor Show of 1906, Royce set about getting the Ghost reviewed by the motoring press. *The Autocar's* correspondent extolled: "At whatever speed this car is being driven, there is no engine so far as sensation goes, nor are one's auditory nerves troubled driving or standing by a fuller sound than emanates from an eight-day clock."

Feeling he had not praised the amazing engine enough, he added: "There is no realization of driving propulsion; the feeling of the passenger is one of being wafted through the landscape."

Advertising the latest Silver Cloud, Rolls Royce proudly claims, "At 60 mph the loudest noise in this new Rolls Royce comes from the electric clock."

In 1907, during a public test, the Silver Ghost drove from London to Glasgow and back (800 miles) in third gear only, achieving a maximum speed of 53 mph, with an average fuel consumption of 20.86 miles per gallon.

Encouraged by this success, business manager Claude Johnson decided that the Ghost should attack the world's record for an observed reliability test *non-stop*, then standing at 7089 miles, and held by a Siddeley car. The plan was



***rost's speedometer** is mounted next to right hand ve; car was regained by Rolls several years ago.*

go up to Scotland under Royal Automobile Club observa-n, run through the Scottish Reliability Trial, then continue o nonstop route between Glasgow and London, then ck again via Edinburgh and Coventry. The car would driven night and day without stopping the engine, and ked in a garage on Sundays with engine running.
The start was made in June, 1907, and during the Scottish l, the Ghost ran with perfect precision until the 629th

***ish interior** of Rolls is revealed as boss disembarks be-e London showroom. Interiors are often made to order.*

## SIR HENRY ROYCE

Colorful perfectionist and hard-headed genius, Henry Royce demanded top performance from the car he created. Even after he was wealthy, he would take off his coat and tear down an engine that did not hum softly enough to suit him. His death in 1933 robbed England of one of her most brilliant eccentrics.

mile when the gas tap shook itself loose over a bumpy highland track. It closed, and only one minute was lost in tracing the trouble. After that, the Ghost never stopped. Day after day, she piled up the miles, passed the 7089 Siddeley record and drove on and on until August, when she was intentionally pulled to a halt. *She had covered 15,000 incredible miles, mainly on rough coaching roads, and of this mileage, 14,371 were non-stop!*

The resultant R.A.C. examination, which was awaited with feverish interest, showed that the grueling trip had caused negligible wear. Certain steering and universal joints were slightly worn, the water pump needed re-packing and it was necessary to grind the valves. But total cost of replacements was under $21 Including tire repairs and replacements, the cost of running the car for 15,000 miles come to an incredibly low four cents a mile.

The Silver Ghost was the first production model of its type. Successive models in the same series were christened, nautical fashion, White Knave, Silver Rogue, and, in a moment of inspiration, Pearl of the East.

Outside, the Ghost sports German silver plating on such external chassis parts as her beautiful carbide lamps, screen fittings, and gear and brake levers. Inside, she remains a whisper of ingenuity—hence, the second part of her name.

Sold originally to Dan Hanbury, a British driving enthusiast, she was reverently handed back to the firm that made her a few years ago. Today, she is garaged at Rolls Royce's London showrooms in Conduit Street, where she outsparkles her modern Silver Cloud sisters. On her frequent jaunts around London, the Ghost causes more excitement than a parade of costumed royalty.

At the turn of the century, most makers were still undecided whether or not to scrap countershaft and chain drive. Cylinders were still strung out as single-cylinder units in line, causing inefficient distribution of mixture, poor water cooling and bad exhaust discharge. The high-tension magneto had only just begun to replace the low-tension magneto. The principle of flexibility in engine mountings was not understood, and engines were bolted rigidly to chassis beds. With low piston speeds and compression ratios, pulling power could only be achieved by huge cylinder bores.

The Silver Ghost changed all this. With a bore and stroke of four and a half inches, the six-cylinder engine had a swept volume of 7046 liters, with an R.A.C. rating of 48.6 B.H.P. The bore-to-stroke ratio was unity, a feature prominent in modern engines. Maximum horsepower was developed at

***Passing** mounted bobby, smooth-running antique makes picturesque sight. Auto is called London's only moving landmark.*

the low engine speed of 1200 rpm's. With a compression ratio as low as 3.2 to one, she was a superb, slow-running power unit, with a range from 180 rpm at idling to a maximum of 1800 rpm.

Royce arranged the six cylinders in two groups of three. Their openings each had a cover with a water header pipe running off to the radiator. Side-by-side intake and exhaust valves, just under two inches in diameter, had ports leading to the induction and exhaust manifolds. All tappets, valves, valve springs and attachment bolts were cleverly located to avoid crowding. All the induction and water piping, hand finished in brass and copper, made the engine a joy to behold.

Royce employed a firing order of one, four, two, six, three, five, with a nickel-steel crankshaft running in seven wide bearings. *With flat-sided webs* (in 1908 elliptic webs were introduced) *this shaft* would suit a present-day in-line aero engine! *(Continued on page 66)*

***Phantom IV Rolls** was custom built by H. J. Mulliner for Queen Elizabeth. At 100 mph, sensation while riding in Rolls is one of scarcely moving.*

>

***With Bentley** (left), Silver Cloud stands at Rolls factory. Only difference between sleek road cruisers is Bentley's less expensive radiator. Once independent, Bentley was purchased by Rolls Royce.*

"STAND
TRUE ADVENTURE

# BY TO RAM!"

*Torpedoes gone, no time left for machine gun fire, the skipper knew he had only one order to give—though it might mean death for all.*

By CMDR. CHARLES GUEST, R.N. (Ret.)
As told to PAUL BROCK

THE DATE was April 6, 1942. Hitler had kept the first part of his prophecy, "Today Europe, Tomorrow the World!" France had fallen beneath the iron boot of the *Wehrmacht*. The U.S. had problems of its own with the Japs in the South Pacific. England, still smarting from the bloody evacuation at Dunkirk nearly two years before, stood virtually alone against the Swastika in Western Europe.

On this date, my ship, the destroyer H.M.S. *Impulse*, was cruising the North Sea on a routine patrol, three days out of Harwich. Suddenly, from my vantage point on the bridge, I could see the glare of searchlights and the flash of many guns dead ahead. Quickly, I focused my night glasses on the spot, bringing into view eight Allied torpedo boats, darting through the heavy seas in a smother of spray, as they worried two German destroyers the way a pack of hunger-crazed wolves worry a bear.

I could see line after line of tracers ripping into one of the destroyer's vitals. The sea itself around

**British torpedo boats** *gave skipper Guest his Nazi destroyer "on a plate," but later nearly sent him to ocean-floor oblivion in same way.*

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR
### Cmdr. Charles Guest

*Charles Guest joined the Royal Navy at the outbreak of the war, received his first destroyer command in 1942 and won the Distinguished Service Order for his Onaplate action.*

*Today, he lives with his family on Vancouver Island and makes his living farming fruit. His marine endeavors are restricted to fishing.*

that spot was probably crawling with torpedoes loosed off by the waspish little warships. Guns were flashing all over the place, and lurid flames from one of the German vessels were clutching greedily at the night sky.

"Looks like a damn' good scrap," I commented, turning to Charlie Race, my first lieutenant.

"Regular free-for-all," he answered. "Must have been a sudden meeting, since we haven't been contacted for help. I'm just hoping that firework display is a Heinie and not one of ours."

"Let's take a closer look," I said.

Only two minutes before I had been dozing in my bunk. The intercom had shattered all hopes that this time I might be allowed to lose consciousness for a few seconds, just to remind myself what sleep was like. I grabbed the receiver. It was Race.

"Heavy firing to westward, sir. Have already altered course." "Roger!" I sprang from my bunk, struggled into my duffel coat and hurried to the bridge. Even without glasses, I could see the raging, flashing signs of battle ahead of us.

"Full ahead both!" I ordered. "Action stations. Warn engine room that we expect to be in action shortly."

The *Impulse* quickly gathered way. I kept my glasses glued on the Guy Fawkes shambles ahead. Suddenly a searing flash of flame leapt skyward, lighting up a great area of water. I saw one of the destroyers sheering off at top speed, all her guns belching flame at the dogged MTB's that hung on to her flanks and dodged around her bows and stern. They had abandoned the other destroyer, probably thinking it was finished.

But as we forged nearer to the battle, the flames belching from the destroyer died down. The noise and fireworks drew off to the northeast in the direction of Nazi-held Zeebrugge.

"Looks as though Jerry has had enough," I said. "We're a bit too late but we'll have a look at what's left."

With all guns manned we *(Continued on Page 60)*

**German destroyer** *re-christened* Onaplate *played major role in one of W.W. II's most deceptive naval tactics.*

# PARIS NIGHTS in LONDON TOWN

**Serving up menu** of femmes, filets, Pigalle club saves cafe-hopping Londoners price of boat-train ticket to French capital.

**"Longest legs** in showbiz" belong to Aleta Morrison (right), who demonstrates with high kick that she can use them to most exciting advantage. Chorus line at Pigalle is considered among world's most shapely, talented.

*Staging most lavish revues in England, Piccadilly nitery offers staid Britons sex and steak as part of spicy bill of fare.*

By JACK RAMSAY

**Curvy kickers** Kim Darvos, Betty Kempton take well-earned cigarette break between routines.

ALL THE NIGHT-CLUBBING TOURIST has to do to prove to himself that the French can be out-Frenched is to walk through the doors of No. 90, Piccadilly, in London. This is the Pigalle, a nitery that takes a back seat to none for cabaret kicks in the grand style made famous on the celebrated Rue of the same name in Paris.

Entering the Pigalle, the fun-seeker admires enticing pictures of scantily-clad charmers as he descends softly-carpeted stairs, hands his coat to a deferential attendant, and enters a plush salon. An enticing odor of superb French cooking assails his jaundiced nostrils, as his jaundiced eyes are soothed by the dim, sexy lighting.

Suddenly, spotlights flare and a curtain rolls back on the first number in a truly spectacular floor show. Girls in gorgeous scanties, chosen with the care of a harem-keeping sultan, dazzle that dulled eye back to living appreciation. Five hundred diners allow their *filets mignons* to grow cold upon their plates,

and give attention to the more succulent dishes that undulate erotically upon the stage, wiggling and wriggling through the most exciting French routines ever designed to tickle the male palate.

A waiter carefully pours a fine French wine into the patron's glass. At the next table, a middle-aged woman sees her husband ogling the long-stemmed cutie at the left of the front row, and whispers primly, "Cecil, your steak is getting cold." In the foyer, a drunk peers through the glass door and gasps, "I'm supposed to be in London. Gotta catch a plane right now."

Proving forever that the English are no second-raters at sex, impresario

***"Good press"*** *is shown to dancer Margaret Mansergh backstage. Club is favorite of London nightlife columnists.*

***Flanked*** *by towering (5'11") showgirls, dancer Mansergh proves worthy of raves. Revue's costumes, props have earned it reputation of costliest show this side of Folies Bergere.*

***Men's room*** *at sumptuous club features life-size photos of showgirls, attendant actually named Aly Khan!*

***Club owner*** *Bill Offner gets record of receipts from receptionist. Piccadilly nitery is among town's most successful money-makers.*

***Primping*** *in dressing room, Pigalle pretties make full use of few minutes available for costume change. RIGHT: Vivacious Vicki Grey kicks up between acts.*

obert Nesbitt picks the cream of English pulchritude for
ıe Pigalle. Even femme-wise Frenchmen change their tune
› an appreciative whistle after seeing the Pigalle girls at
ork. As a junior official at the French Embassy in London
ecently remarked, "A French show is beautiful on the sur-
ace, but hard inside. These girls are warm inside. With
rench dancers one is content to admire from a distance,
ut here one wishes to participate."

Producer Nesbitt lavishes hundreds of thousands of dol-
ars a year on the Pigalle floor show to insure that it stays
ay in front of other night club competition, but admits that
takes more than money to attract and choose the kind of
irls who will make visitors keep coming back for more.
stead of the usual raise-the-skirt audition, prospective
howgirls and dancers are first examined for personality, on
ıe mature assumption that mechanical smiles and bulging

# BAREHANDED HUNT

*Photos and Text by WALT WIGGINS*

*Tracking 100 pounds of feline fury in hills of New Mexico, hunters bring it back alive — using only a rope.*

***Hounds find scent** of cougar at spot near Miller ranch, where night previous marauder slaughtered eight goats.*

***Straining** to get in on kill, hunting hound is held in check by huntsman, who knows canine-killing prowess of big cat.*

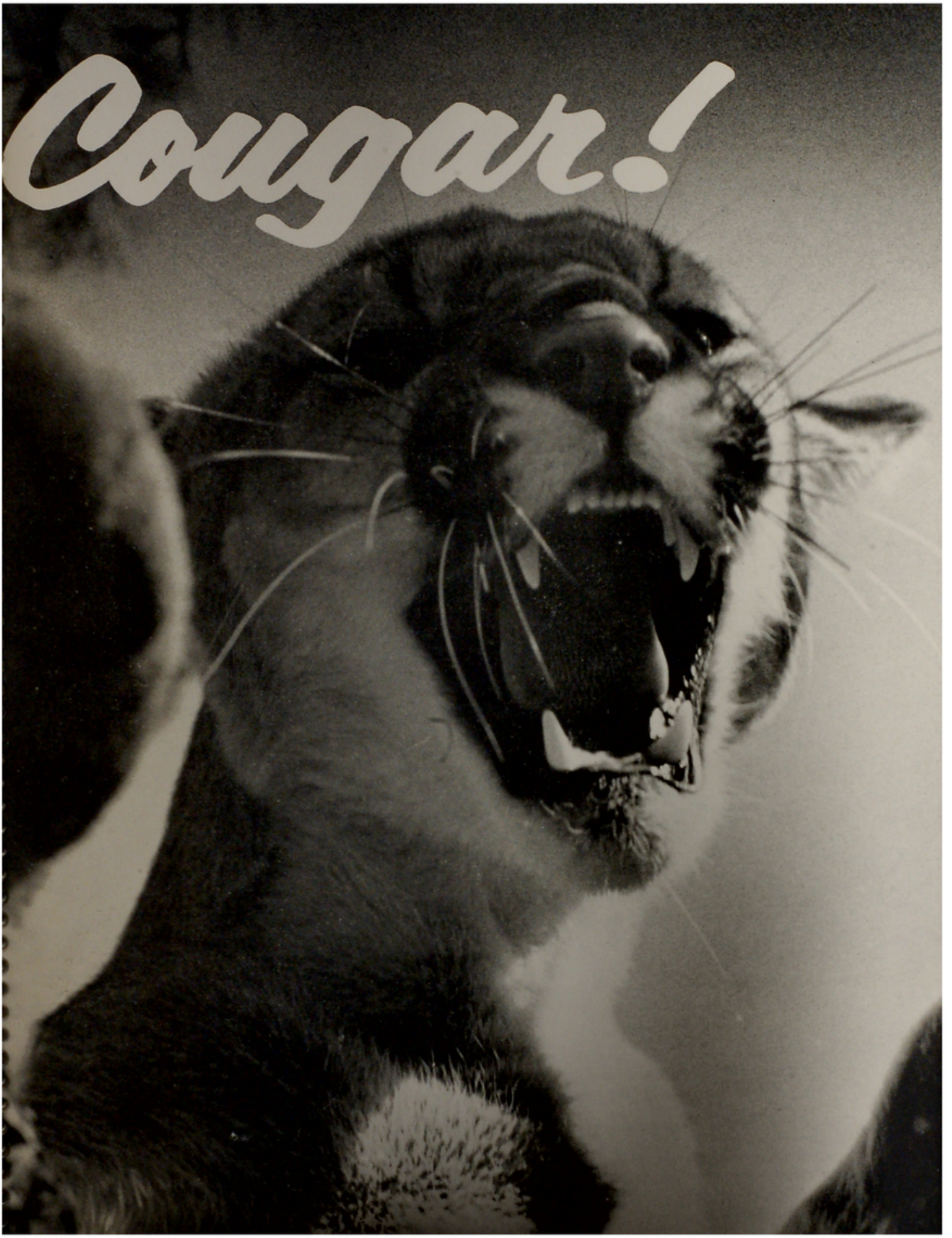
CALL HIM COUGAR, puma, panther or mountain lion, call him whatever you will—he's still one of the most elusive and dangerous creatures in the world and he can rid you of your best hounds in a matter of seconds. Bill Miller, a rancher in southwestern New Mexico's Peloncillo Mountains, can attest to this; he has killed or captured an average of seven lions a year for the past 10 years after suffering an estimated $5,000 loss in livestock from the big cats.

The last cougar that hit his goat herd was just plain "ornery," Bill said. Usually the mountain lion gets his fill of venison in the wild; when he does raid a herd of livestock, he generally kills his prey, drags it off and satisfies his hunger. But this one was different. Not satisfied with one victim, he mauled eight goats to death. And apparently he was not even hungry because he ate none of his excessive kill. On top of that, he seemed utterly fearless — one of the minced goats was found less than 50 yards from the ranch house!

Bill wasted no time in pursuit, aware that if the trail got cold the cougar would be safe to return—and kill more. He enlisted the aid of his neighboring ranchers, Leonard and Ralph Kimble.

"Cat hit my goats last night," he exclaimed. "You ready to go get him?" This proved to be as necessary as asking the

***Starting** ascent up tree, rancher-hunter Bill Miller prepares to capture cougar alive by means of looping lariat around quarry's neck, foreleg, then yanking snarling cat from perch.*


Cougar!

***Snarling,*** *spitting cat makes fortress of uppermost boughs as Miller climbs to within four feet of her to cast rope.*

***Trying*** *to loop quarry's neck with rope, Miller finds cat fights his efforts to rope her as first three attempts fail.*

***Having*** *roped cat, hunters must next pull her from tree uninjured.*

***De-treed*** *cougar is harassed from front with stick, held by rope as hind legs are bound. Cat's sharp rear claws are as dangerous as those in her forelegs.*

hounds if *they* were ready to give chase. The Kimbles collected their gear and had their horses saddled in a matter of minutes. The hounds were given the scent, released and the hunt was on.

Not far from the Miller ranch the dogs picked up the trail. Luckily, they had started early, for the sun had not yet burned off the morning dew and the moisture intensified the cougar's scent. The shallow canyon echoed with the baying of the hounds, who charged off toward Post Office Canyon to the east, occasionally nosing the ground to stay true on the scent. The ranchers on horseback were soon left behind.

For four hours, the men only caught glimpses of the hounds from a distance. But confident that the dogs would track down and stay with their treed quarry—even if it required an eight or nine-hour vigil—Miller and the Kimbles took their time (although the cougar presented no threat of

physical danger to the men, the trail of pursuit was a leg-breaker if taken too fast). Soon the hounds were out of sight entirely and for the next hour the hunters followed them only by "trail music."

Suddenly the faint, sporadic barking increased in frequency and pitch until there was an uninterrupted sound of yelping. The men glanced at each other knowingly; the dogs were signaling "Treed!"

Up the canyon they rode, eager to get a look at this wanton killer. The hounds were near frantic now with their high-pitched yapping. The riders negotiated a steep, rocky rise, then just as sharply inclined a descent leading to a rocky, dried-up river bed. But at the pinnacle they saw a sight to send the hunter's blood surging: At the base of a tall pine, the six hounds were circling excitedly and beating runways to the trunk in vain attempts to climb the tree. At the top—about 30 feet up—was the cougar. It was a *(Continued on page 65)*

***Perfect specimen*** *of feline fury, 100-pound female poses reluctantly for close-up. Miller has captured over 70 cougars in past 10 years.*

***As captive*** *is loaded onto Miller's saddle, Len Kimble has to blind mount to extra passenger, who preys on horses as well as livestock.*

***Exhausted*** *by fight, cat has only to be muzzled, "handcuffed" by men.*

***Binding*** *jaws, claws, men put end to cougar's livestock-killing days.*

**J. C. Robson** utilizes exaggerated angle to create provocative photo study. Overhead lighting, concentrated on lissome model, delicately illuminates rounded contours of expertly posed nude.

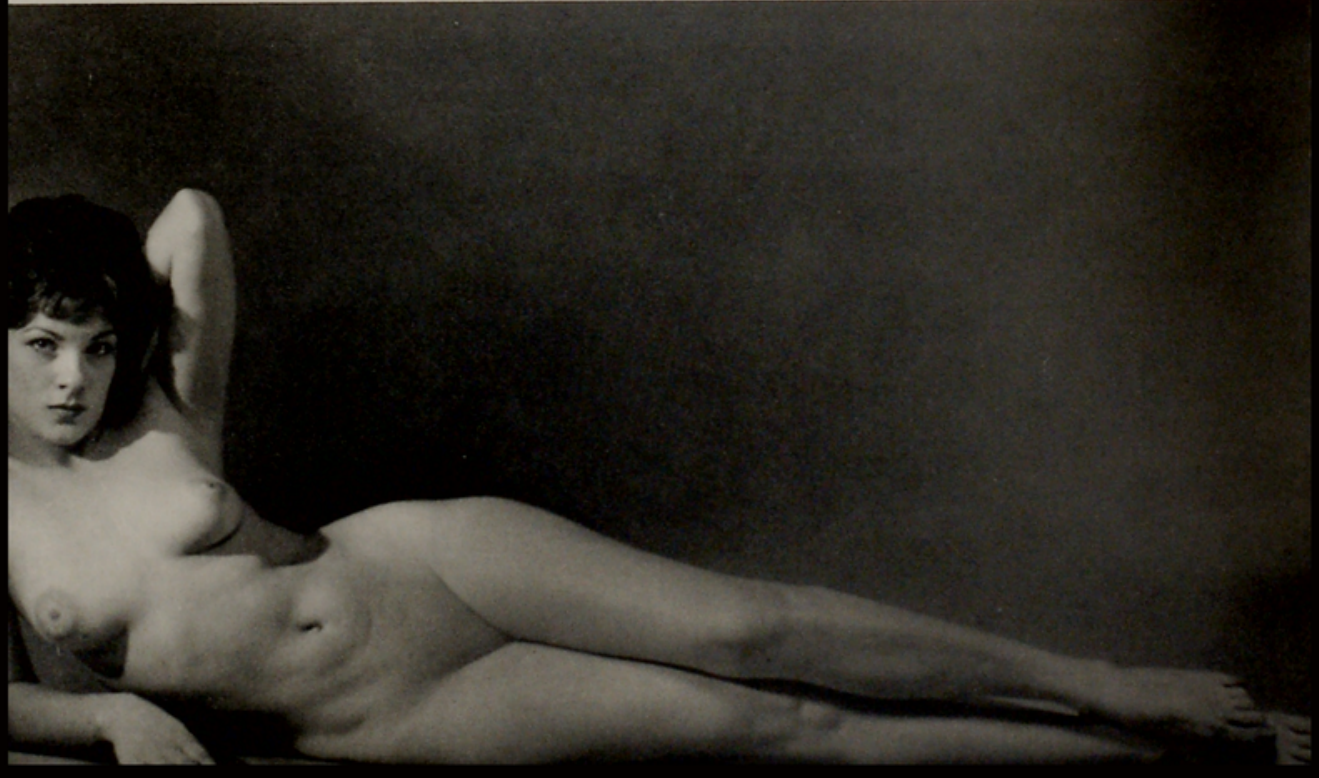
# MODERN ART FOR MEN

**ıel** sets theatrically posed model ıst contemporary background of ing wall to skillfully enhance ty of vitality and implied action.

FIGURE photography is much more than merely a case of a guy and a girl getting together with a camera: it is an exacting art that has as its end product a somewhat mysterious alchemy in which something common is transformed into something precious. Containing just the right elements of taste, inspiration and originality of expression, figure studies are artistically creative endeavors which, by their very nature, represent a unified effort on the part of a lens artist and his model. Admittedly, the photographer is the prime factor in the creation of a figure portrait, but nonetheless, no matter how talented he may be, his work is only as good as his model. The girl to be photographed, after all, is the primary subject of the picture; everything else is window-dressing. The camera artists whose photographic works appear in this art gallery recognize this as a necessary concomitant of figure photography. This knowledge has enabled them to capture the intrinsic beauty of the female figure while fashioning true works of art.

**Anthony Di Marco's** *perfect use of diffused lighting, stark backdrop gives study dimensional quality, enhancing emphasis on figure. Effectiveness of photo lies in its candid quality which creates aura of intimacy.*

**Lester Peters** *captures casual beauty in moment of intimate relaxation. Model Maxine Sheffer makes striking study of feminine grace against muted background. Picture was shot 1/5 sec. at F11 opening to achieve results.*



**Henry R. Kinsell** *evokes mood of serenity with carefully planned lighting, well worked out pose. Simplicity of composition, controlled elements serves to highlight natural grace of tranquil nude.*

**Anthony Di Marco** *illustrates how amount of restraint is equal to aesthetic quality of finished study. Simple pose, lack of props adds to rather than detracts from figure—the focal point of photo.*

# ONE-SHOT PORTFOLIO

***K. O. Munson,*** *Chicago's master exponent of color photography, artfully blends warm flesh tones of model against green backdrop, multi-colored rug. Munson rarely clutters his figure studies with aimless props, rather he allows focal point to remain on model, using color to bring out provocatively interesting highlights.*

>

***Clarence Wyatt*** *creates striking figure portrait of Madeline Castle through simple pose, single prop. Flood lights are used to cast shadows, giving photo three dimensional feeling.*

<

***Aaron Spears*** *effects magnificent study of Shirley Skates by use of subdued composition, low-keyed lighting which casts warm tincture over lovely figure.*

***J. C. Robson,*** *a new name in England's glamour photo realm, allows symmetrical lines, soft edges of fully-endowed model to create natural design. Robson is advocate of remarkably simple studies.*

>

***Anthony Di Marco*** *joins talents with Melody Ward to comprise unbeatable combination for lens art. Sultry beauty is favorite subject of many photogs*

***Russell Gay,*** *Britain's leading figure photo-artist, returns to art gallery with sophisticated portrait typical of his world-renowned lens artistry.*

***J. C. Robson's*** *dedicated adherence to charm of simplicity is strikingly evident in study that relegates all save poignant lines of model to secondary interest.*

>

Joanne Forsythe

***Anthony Di Marco*** *demonstrates clever touch with offbeat lighting, acrobatic pose. White background successfully silhouettes figure of model.*

**Shot from saddle,** *stunt expert Fred Kennedy starts fall.*

**Landing wrong,** *veteran acrobat fails to cushion impact.*

## MOVIE STUNT MEN:

# DOLLARS AGAINST DEATH

*Lured by big money, love of danger, cinema stunt men perform daring deeds as Death waits on camera.*

By JAMES VAN TINE

TREMENDOUS CHANGES have occurred in motion pictures since Hollywood was an obscure postal station on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Dashing screen heroes and svelte-figured sirens have soared to stardom by the dozens and vanished just as quickly. The most popular movies have changed from the kill-happy gangster flicks of the 30's, to the bomb-torn battle films of the war years to "adult" horse operas, and today the rage is horror-ridden monster movies.

But amid this phantasmagoria of changing fads, one role has remained the same—that of the death-defying stunt man. He brings an audience into sudden, gasping contact with danger while the handsome, broad-shouldered star he has replaced sips a coke and watches admiringly.

Like the racing driver and deep-sea diver, the stunt man is a special breed. He has a predilection for danger, for the delicious, but high-salaried risk of self-destruction. And he finds much opportunity.

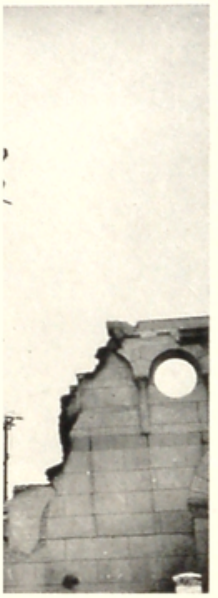
In the war thriller *Fragile Fox,* one sequence calls for a German sniper to be picked out of an artillery-blasted church steeple and plummet over 50 feet to the solid earth. Instead of photographing the fall of a uniformed dummy through a long-range lens, director Robert Aldrich decided on a startling close-up, piled cardboard boxes beneath the steeple, covered them with mattresses and hired stunt man Wally Rose

**Murder scene** *required five-story nose dive off roof. Below camera range, stunter falls into net. Next shot showed dummy on sidewalk.*

**Neck broken,** *Kennedy hunches in pain, rolls over (right).*

***Kissing Kennedy,*** *co-star of* Horse Soldiers *Connie Towers carries out pre-arranged gag. Then, seeing stunt man's glazed eyes, screams in terror.*

***Sniper victim,*** *Bill Shannon leaves mount, splashes hard in river. Shooting erupts during exciting Civil War flick* Horse Soldiers. *Stunter's pay for damp drop is healthy $1,000.*



***Tumbling toward hardwood,*** *gunfighter-stunt man does swan dive in Errol Flynn shoot-'em-up* San Antonio. *Most westerns included at least one big barroom gun battle scene.*

***Realistic death*** *of German sniper in* Fragile Fox *requires long fall. Top photo (left) shows stunter Wally Rose's perspective from which ground looks long way down. Blown from shell-shattered perch, Rose flips over in air. BELOW: He lands feet first on mattress-covered boxes which break lengthy fall.*

to add the proper touch of real life. Fortunately he landed feet first.

But the daredevil spill is not always successful. A battle scene in *The Horse Soldiers* called for veteran stunt man Fred Kennedy to be shot from the saddle while galloping past a Confederate stronghold. Then, as a gag for the troupe, actress Connie Towers was to rush up and kiss the shy actor.

At "Action," Fred charged, watching the man who was to nail him. The Rebel's pistol flashed and Kennedy stiffened, then slid from his charging mount. But instead of falling with an acrobat's ease, his legs flailed awkwardly in air and he slammed into the ground.

Connie Towers rushed forward laughing, dropped beside the prone man and kissed him heartily. Then she saw his ashen face and screamed. He was dead.

The veteran daredevil suffered what every stunter always risks. But at $1,000 a trick, this rugged breed of aristocratic acrobats continue to take their tumbles. And craziest of all, they love their work—even with Death waiting to go on camera. O

**Roller skating** high above downtown traffic, stunter risks neck for quick pay check. Net was below camera range, but two-story spill is scarcely healthy.

**Rugged stars** Ward Bond, John Wayne (ex-stunters) crash door.

**Famous** runaway horse scene was another stand-by of old westerns. Bouncing wagon, frightened horses made task tricky.

The

FICTION

# HORN For PLENTY

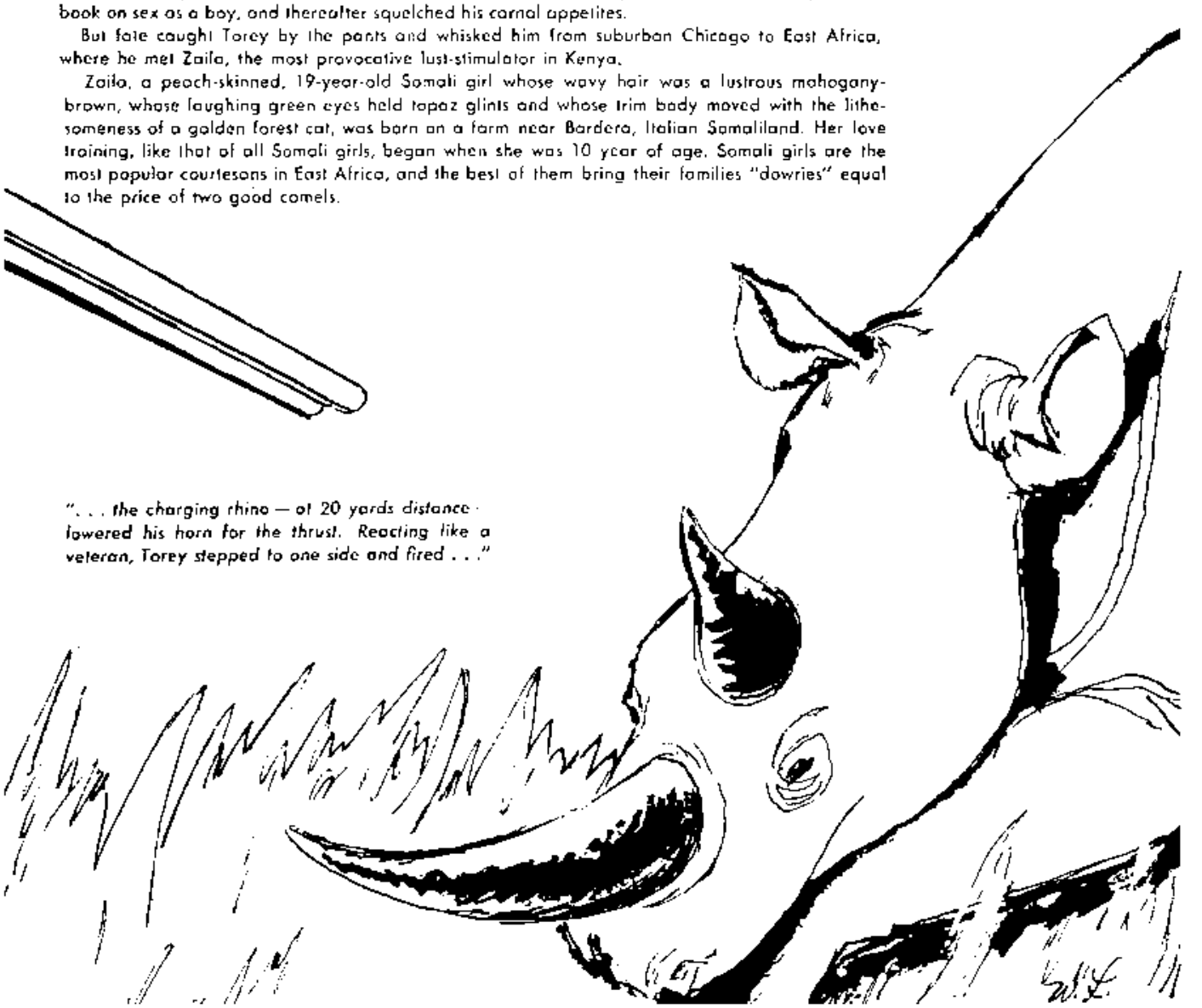
*Trained for love, Zaila taught him everything she knew and he discovered what made the natives restless at night.*

By ALEXANDER LAKE

IF beautiful Zoila Obak had not been trained for love, Torey Osgood would still be shunning spiced foods, condiments, all meats and alcoholic beverages—fearing they would overstimulate his fleshy lusts. A devout vegetarian and diet faddist, Torey had read a morbidly fearful book on sex as a boy, and thereafter squelched his carnal appetites.

But fate caught Torey by the pants and whisked him from suburban Chicago to East Africa, where he met Zaila, the most provocative lust-stimulator in Kenya.

Zoila, a peach-skinned, 19-year-old Somali girl whose wavy hair was a lustrous mahogany-brown, whose laughing green eyes held topaz glints and whose trim body moved with the lithesomeness of a golden forest cat, was born on a farm near Bardera, Italian Somaliland. Her love training, like that of all Somali girls, began when she was 10 year of age. Somali girls are the most popular courtesans in East Africa, and the best of them bring their families "dowries" equal to the price of two good camels.



*". . . the charging rhino — at 20 yards distance · lowered his horn for the thrust. Reacting like a veteran, Torey stepped to one side and fired . . ."*

Zaila was a four-camel girl.

At 16, she went to Nairobi as the mistress of blimp-shaped Colonel Hugh St. John-Meagher (pronounced Sinjin-Mar), who installed her in a tapestry-draped apartment and a sumptuous over-sized feather bed and moved in with her. Two days later, he moved out — a beaten man. The next afternoon, back at his old room in the plush Faunus Club, he confided to a friend that Zaila had cost him a pretty penny. "Cawn't send her back to her father," he said, "'twould disgrace her. Cawn't sell her — not done, y'know. Cawn't turn

her over to any of my friends—frightfully *infra-dig*, what? Odd situation. Very like the time I was with the old Seventy-fourth Foot—nippy little Mahratta gal. That was 30 years ago. No wonder . . . humph."

So Zaila—her fires of youth suddenly banked—had vegetated alone except for a sag-breasted, wrinkled Kikyuyu maid—in the spice-scented apartment.

In the meantime, Torey Osgood had entered a national breakfast food slogan contest conducted by Seaweed Flakies, Incorporated, and his entry—"Now you can vibrate with the health from the sea" — had won the grand prize: an all-expenses-paid hunting trip to Kenya. This so flustered Torey that at a farewell banquet tendered him by his cronies in the Health Foods Society, he downed too much raw-carrot-and-raisin salad and two glasses of Hygia alfalfa juice were needed to straighten him up for his late-evening flight for Kenya, East Africa.

At Nairobi airport he was welcomed by Major Stephen Gobson, the droopy-mustached East African representative of Seaweed Flakies, Jan Gridley, a taciturn white hunter, and a big-breasted brunette named Maisie who edged close to him with bedroom eyes and whispered:

"How about coming to my place tonight for some bubbly?"

"Thanks, but I don't drink," Torey said.

"Come up anyway."

"Well, I . . . is there any special reason?"

"Yes," Maisie said tartly, "so you'll be on time for a breakfast of Flakies, you silly ass." Red-faced, she flounced away.

Torey turned to the husky hunter. "I've never shot a gun—not even an air rifle."

"Doesn't matter, old bean."

"This is a lion hunting trip, isn't it?"

"Yes, but my word! *You* won't do any shooting—you'll sit in a bar while I garner the trophies. My job, y' see."

"I don't drink."

"Odd. Well, there's women."

"I don't chase women, either," Torey said stiffly.

"But my dear chap, this is Kenya! Fella *must* chase women. Not much else to do when Mau Mau aren't busy. Well, old son, let's push off to the New Stanley. You have the best room in the house."

As the car pulled up before the hotel, Torey, who'd been silent since leaving the airport, blurted: "I won't go for it."

"Eh?" Gobson said absently.

"Faking the hunting stuff. I'll shoot my own lions."

"Nonsense," Gridley said. "Half the tourist hunting in Kenya's faked. White hunters bag trophies. Tourist has his picture taken with them. Anyway, can't have you killed—Flakies people wouldn't like it."

"Bad publicity," Gobson said.

"We've plans for you tonight, Osgood," he continued. "There's a binge at the Faunus Club. Pick you up at six. Toodledoo."

After showering, Torey slipped into flannels and strolled out onto Delamere Avenue with its islands of flowering shrubs. The main street was crowded with white-dressed men in pith helmets and Indian women in exotic saris. Passing a rug shop, he bumped belly-on into a fat man.

"Sorry," said the fat one, "my fault, I fancy."

"You *do* stick out in front a bit," Torey grinned.

"Right y' are. I carry high. Hah! Good one, that! Name's St. John-Meagher. Colonel, n' all that."

"Torey Osgood. American."

"Spotted it at once. Nose, y' know. Yanks speak through it. Hah! Strolling?"

"Yes."

"Show you around, eh? Know this town like a book. Strolling myself. Touch of dyspepsia. Walking clears it up." He pointed to the twin muezzin towers of the mosque. "Exotic, what?"

Moments later, an Indian boy of about 12 plucked at Torey's sleeve, jabbering earnestly. Torey turned to the colonel.

"What's the kid saying?"

"Young scamp wants to sell you his sister. Says she's very young, very nice, very cheap."

"My God!" Torey said. Then to the boy: "Go away! Beat it!"

The colonel's stick

*(Continued on page 64)*

*ADVENTURE WITH A CAMERA*

# The MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON EARTH

FAMED around the globe as the world's greatest panorama of pulchritude, the annual Miss Universe Pageant is the Promised Land for guys interested in dolls who possess wondrous physical appeal. Understandably, it takes more—much more—than a coquettish smile or fantastic mammary development for a girl to romp off with the coveted "Miss Universe" accolade. Literally, a gal must be "out of this world" to capture the crown at the biggest beauty contest on earth.

Such a girl is Carol Morris. Entering this dazzling mélange in 1957, Carol, a minister's daughter from Omaha, Nebraska, emerged the victor over the prettiest girls in the world. While still blinking from the flash bulbs on the winner's ramp, Carol was inked to a long-term contract by Universal-International who has been grooming her for stardom ever since.

When Carol's studio recently announced that the vivacious brunette would have a lead in one of their up-coming, big-budget extravaganzas, MM dispatched skilled lensman Burr Jerger to find out what all the shouting was about and to do the camera honors.

Needless to say, Burr's session with captivating Carol was an indisputable success. With the most beautiful girl in the universe (and that includes Mars, Jupiter, Venus, et al.) in front of the lens, it's just a matter of clicking the camera and letting Nature take her course. **O**

**Covering** *altogether with ermine cloak, exhilarating Carol Morris exudes radiant charm that made her Miss Universe, earned title "The Most Beautiful Girl On Earth."*

**Basking** *in sylvan setting, Carol finds luxuriant leisure to commune with herself, enjoy forest's sensual aura. Balmy day, soft breezes made nudity a pleasure, prodded lissome lass to doff most of her clothing.*

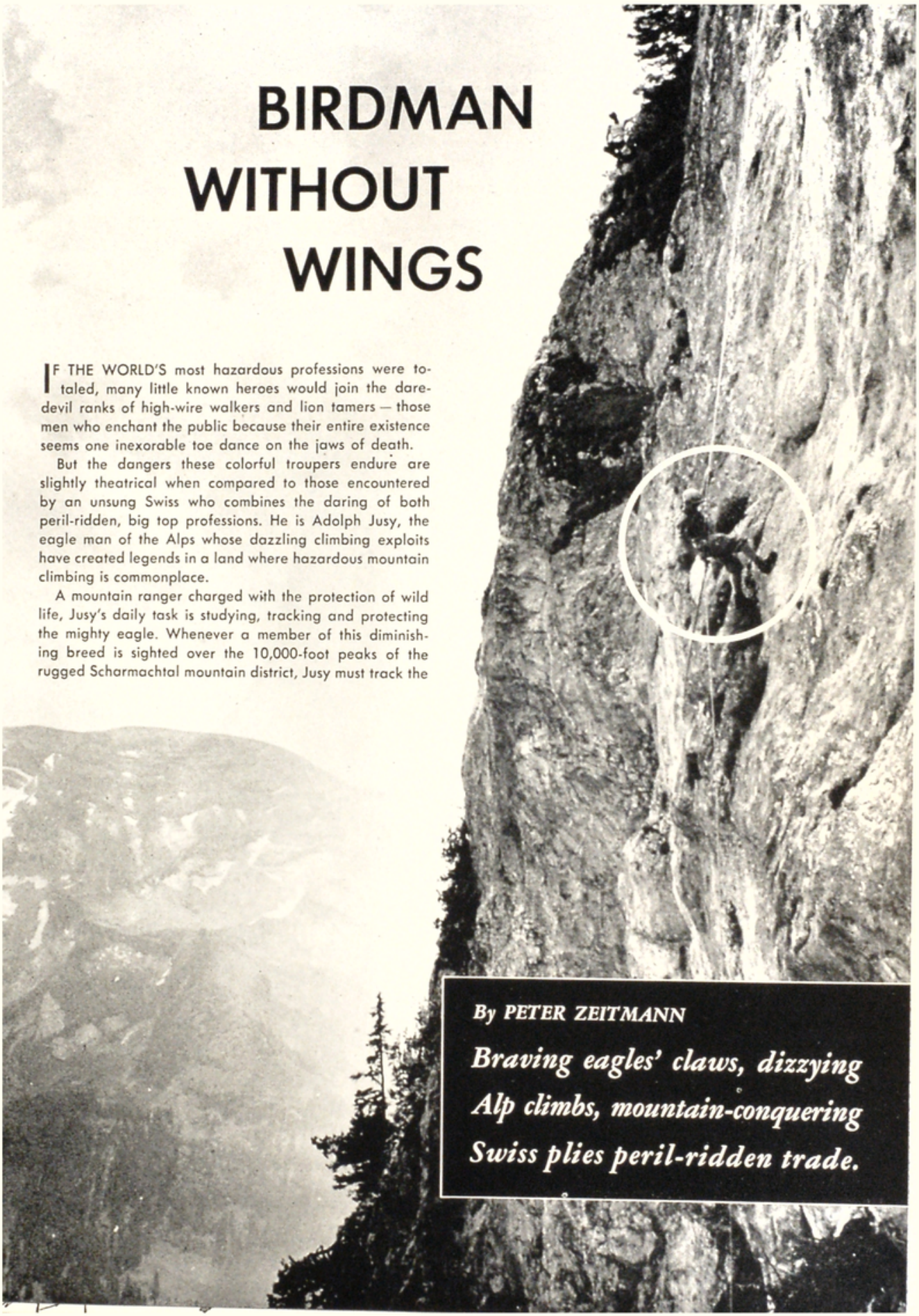
**Creating** *amazing variety of moods, Carol reveals expressive range of her sensitive face. From top to bottom at left, she passes from coyly demure to innocent to dreamily piquant, and finally to flamboyantly fun-loving (below). An expert swimmer, blue-eyed minister's daughter stands five-seven, weighs full-bodied 129 pounds.*

# BIRDMAN WITHOUT WINGS

IF THE WORLD'S most hazardous professions were totaled, many little known heroes would join the daredevil ranks of high-wire walkers and lion tamers — those men who enchant the public because their entire existence seems one inexorable toe dance on the jaws of death.

But the dangers these colorful troupers endure are slightly theatrical when compared to those encountered by an unsung Swiss who combines the daring of both peril-ridden, big top professions. He is Adolph Jusy, the eagle man of the Alps whose dazzling climbing exploits have created legends in a land where hazardous mountain climbing is commonplace.

A mountain ranger charged with the protection of wild life, Jusy's daily task is studying, tracking and protecting the mighty eagle. Whenever a member of this diminishing breed is sighted over the 10,000-foot peaks of the rugged Scharmachtal mountain district, Jusy must track the



By PETER ZEITMANN

***Braving eagles' claws, dizzying Alp climbs, mountain-conquering Swiss plies peril-ridden trade.***

**Cruel-beaked** *Swiss Alps eagle is recipient of Jusy's protection. Ranger attaches identification bands to birds to help zoologists in eagle studies.*

***Easing down*** *sheer wall to eagle's crag, Jusy's lone link to safety is nylon rope. Mountain ranger inched down 600 feet in chilling fashion. Inaccessible location of nest made risky dangerous approach necessary.*

***Rolling*** *nylon line, birdman prepares for dangerous descent. Jusy's climbing rope weighs only one pound.*

winged hunter to his nest. And in the rugged Alps region, eagles build their nests only in the most inaccessible crags—crags that expert climbers often find impossible to scale.

Recently, a yearling eagle was spotted halfway up the sheer Melchtal precipice, and even Jusy—though long accustomed to the most dizzying, demanding ascents—agreed that he could not climb to the nest. This left one alternative—inching down from the top of the precipice, a 600-foot descent along a sheer, vertical rock wall.

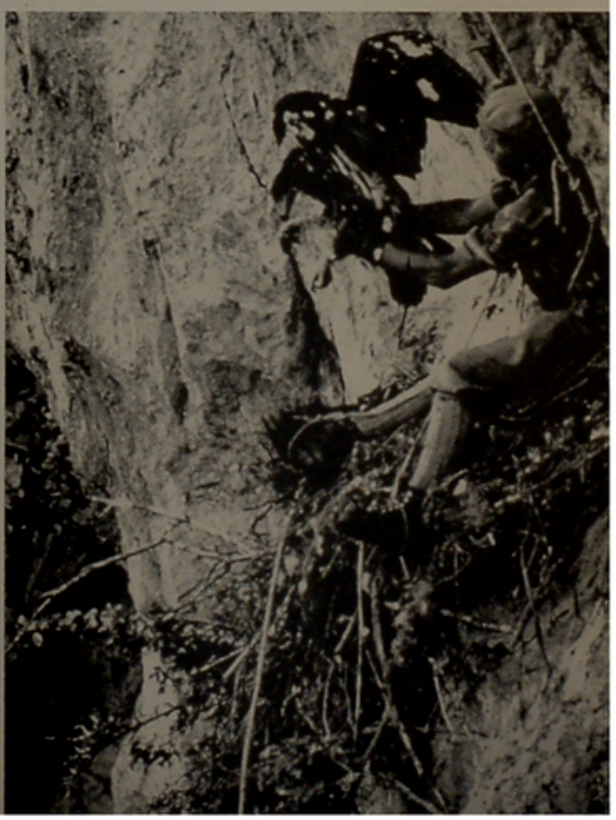
No one had tackled the Melchtal before so there was no way of knowing what wind currents or danger spots existed along the mountain's face. Also, a look through binoculars showed that the eagle, though not fully grown, had a six-foot wing span. While Jusy was slowly lowering to his domain, the big bird might fly off in fright or boldly attack the intruder.

Because of the danger of Jusy's project, dozens of people turned out to watch the descent, and a long-ranged camera recorded the eagle man's progress down the precipitous incline. Using a nylon rope, Jusy bound himself in a Prusik

**Confronting** *excited eagle, Jusy murmurs reassurance, inspects nest. Bird flaps huge wings, threatens to attack.*

**Momentarily quieted** *by Jusy, eagle allows ranger to sit i nest. Absence of eggs decreased bird's motivation to attac*

**Frightened** *eagle struggles as Jusy quickly attaches identifica tion tag. Task done, Jusy made 600-foot climb to safet*



way down. At times, overhanging rock obscured Jusy from the spectators, but he was never beyond camera range.

The eagle rustled nervously and spread his wings on first spying Jusy above him. Should he attack, Jusy had only his heavy leather gloves for protection and the poorest possible footing. Slowly inching down toward the ruffled carrion, Jusy spoke in soothing, sing-song tones. Now the reason for calling him "eagle man" became obvious. Murmuring assurance to the big bird, Jusy literally talked his way into the jealously guarded nest and sat down several feet from the eagle.

Fortunately, there were no eggs in the nest, but it was littered with the bones and carcasses of rabbits and other game — proof of the eagle's deftness as a hunter. Then, when the fierce-clawed killer had calmed, Jusy seized him and slipped the indentification band on his leg.

For the spectators atop the lofty Melchtal, mastering the formidable precipice had created local history. For Jusy, however, it was another hazardous day-to-day task handled with professional ease. The eagle man of the Alps had again proved worthy of his name. O

**Storming palace,** *musket-toting British troops back Indian regulars. Colonizing English wiped out last opposition from fabulously wealthy chieftains in 1803.*

**General de Boigne** *was most brilliant of adventurers, collected fortunes.*

# INDIA'S PRINCES of PLUNDER

**Dashing** *George Thomas was illiterate, yet he gained wealth, glory.*

*By ARCH AYRES*

*Amassing huge treasures, 18th Century soldiers of fortune lived in Oriental splendor, complete with harems.*

FANTASTIC FORTUNES in black gold have gushed from the barren soil of Texas, but the fastest fortunes in history were amassed in India in the latter half of the 18th Century. They were the most dangerous riches, too. Soldiers of fortune, selling their swords to warring rajahs, raised and officered native armies, receiving fantastic treasures as their reward. Many of these adventurers succumbed to the lavish vices of the East, but others maintained their Western integrity and retired after a few years with staggering fortunes in gold and jewels—not to mention harems full of Indian wives.

Hollywood has never dared risk the incredulity of film-goers by showing India as it really was

***Wealthy** enchantress Somber Begum led her own army into battle. She became mistress of Thomas.*

***Town of Hansi,** Thomas' headquarters when he was ravaging countryside. Citadel is square fortress at left where his army made last stand.*

***Thomas'** luxuriant harem at height of fame. After big defeat, wives followed him into exile on camelback.*

in the 50 years leading up to 1803. In fact, the Oriental splendor of princes and potentates was on so barbaric a scale that the modern movie fan could be excused for yelling, "Who ya kiddin'!"

The Mogul Empire of India was shattered in 1757, when Clive routed the Mogul Viceroy at Plassy and put the British East India Company in power in Bengal. This was the beginning of the Great Anarchy, a monstrous blood-letting that swelled to a torrent as Afghan and Muratta tribesmen fought for power in Hindustan. The blood bath ended only when Lord Lake's redcoats stormed Delhi in 1803. This was the fabled half-century still referred to by Indians as the Great Darkness.

During those years India reeked with blood, carnage, rapine and treachery. Every man lived by the strength of his arm and the fatalistic cry of "Kismet!" The rich provinces had fallen away from the demolished Indian throne; some had declared their independence and others, like Bengal and the Carnatic, passed into the hands of intruding whites.

Hindu Brahmins and Moslem Moulvis were at war. In both camps the military castes were chopping each other up as well as their common enemies. Hindu Rajputs and Murattas decimated each other in the spells between fighting Moslem Moguls and Pathans, who were also at loggerheads.

Of the warlike but treacherous Muratta chiefs, Madhoji Sindhia was the first to recognize the value of native troops trained and led by white officers. Muratta armies consisted entirely of marauding cavalry, and twice within a two-week period Sindhia's undisciplined rabble of 20,000 screaming horsemen had been scattered by 4000 British-led sepoys. So in 1784, after his disastrous war with the British, Sindhia invited a young French adventurer named de Boigne to raise and train two battalions of infantry with supporting artillery.

Once the natives had recovered from the shock of disciplined training methods they came to regard

***Magnificent*** *Calcutta mansion was bought by de Boigne for three million. He lived in palace six weeks.*

***Wielding saber,*** *bearded Thomas leads assault on Rajah of Jodhpur's native soldiers. Thomas always led his troops into battle.*

***General de Boigne*** *(pointing) shows army to Emperor Sha-alem. Frenchman trained Indians in modern warfare, was military god.*

de Boigne as a military god. In bloody battles against armies 10 times their size, the Frenchman's bristling squares of bayonets were always victorious. Within a year Sindhia was able to march into Delhi and assume the sovereign power of Hindustan.

When de Boigne's two battalions fought their first battle, the Rajah of Jodhpur looked upon the mangled remains of his army and cried, "After 3000 years of warfare we must learn to fight again!" He had good cause to bewail the collapse of Indian military tactics. De Boigne's two unfledged battalions, numbering 850 men each, nearly wiped out the Rathors of Jodhpur, 10,000 fierce cavalrymen reckoned to be the flower of Rajput soldiery.

The Rathors *(Continued on page 67)*

**Charming** *patrons in plush London club, sultry Sonya Cordeau swings into style that has made her rage of British TV. Lebanese bombshell is ex-Folies Bergére dancer.*

# Busty Belle of

*Taking up where Sabrina left off, sultry Sonya is new queen of British video lanes.*

**Posing** *before guest appearance on family variety show, Sonya makes turban of towel (left), lolls (above) in tempting lingerie. Dark-tressed thrush tapes tantalizing 39½-24-36.*

*By MARV KEMP*

# BBC-TV

NEVER one to sit on his hands while a parade of pulchritude is passing, bosom-conscious John Bull is the world's most sensitive barometer of sexual climates. For instance, John's lass fascinated appetites long ago installed the sweater-swelling Sabrina as England's foremost video goddess so that thereafter he had only to twist a knob to watch the super-stacked blonde as he might watch a toy burlesque dancer performing on the palm of his hand. But while John is not fickle in his bosom loyalties, big changes are sweeping the man-tempting aspects of BBC-TV. Sabrina is being blown lustily from the limelight and the needle of John's barometer is swinging crazily up toward storm warnings.

In the eye of this curve-happy hurricane struts England's hottest item since the London Fire. She is sultry, song-belting Sonya Cordeau, the latest darling of both cabaret habitués and video devotees, and her colorful past is as spicy as her appearance is sexy.

When Sonya was only a few hours old, she had her first bath — a quick splash in a tub of wine. On learning of this alcoholic dunking, a famous London gossip columnist recently penned the following doggerel:

Lucky little Sonya Cordeau,
  Splashing in a bath of Bordeaux!
Choicest claret, ruby red,
  Wets her pretty baby head.
Proudly Mum is heard to say:
  "Baby gained a pint today!"
Dad replies: "Well, just you tell her
  She's exhausted all my cellar!"
Still, it's good to see her thrive—
  The girl who's Vintage '35!

***Half-lidded** gaze from Lebanese beauty has impact of howitzer. Ex-bit player now bulges bank books as well as bras.*

***Reaching** melodious note, pulse-stirring siren bewails low-down blues.*

Naturally, she has enjoyed the intoxicating aftereffects ever since. Sonya was born and bathed in the Lebanon of a Lebanese mother and an English father. And it is a time-revered Lebanese custom to give female infants their first bath in wine in the hope it will make them beautiful.

In Sonya's case the results have more than justified the belief—to say nothing of what must, at the time, have appeared to be a disgraceful waste of perfectly potent vino. Since that birthday bath Sonya's equally potent pulchritude has been intoxicating cabaret and television audiences around the globe.

During the past 24 years this wine-cured beauty has developed delectable dimensions of 39½-24-36 and a sexy-sultry singing voice—a combination which makes her almost too hot for Britain's staid television networks. The sight of Sonya perched on top of a piano, singing in a skimpy sunsuit from which she was bustin' out all over, recently sent bluenosed viewers scurrying to their phones to complain that she was too saucy for Sunday.

Fortunately for more discerning video addicts, her sponsors withstood the anti-sex barrage and signed her to a long-term contract. But even if prudery had prevailed, Sonya would have shed not a single tear—she would have been too busy signing the most lucrative of the many contracts that eager impresarios are constantly jamming in her letter box.

At the tender age of 17 she breasted the tape, so to speak, ahead of 183 other girls at an audition in London and became the youngest star in the 75-year history of the fabulous Fólies Bergére. Since then she has

***Enjoying breeze,** Sonya engenders voluptuous view for chance passer-by. Stylist manages own money.*

***Wrapped** in filmy black, stage-wise Sonya learned early to communicate with audiences. Singer's style has been described as English version of Marlene Dietrich.*

***Slow sudsing*** *is steamy luxury for spicy torch singer. Hectic schedule keeps Sonya running from voice lessons to video work to daily night club date.*

been sorting contracts with the practiced eye of a mogul scanning the columns of the *Wall Street Journal*.

"I have a lousy memory and I'm no good when it comes to figures," she admits, "but I seem to have a nose for the deal which will do the most for Sonya Cordeau's bank balance."

It might take a top-ranking headshrinker to prove it, but envious rivals have suggested that Sonya's subconscious talent for nailing the fast buck triggered her decision to change a letter in her name several years ago. She originally changed her real family name, Rook, to the French equivalent, Corbeau, to go along with her slightly French accent and her job as star of the Fólies. But a couple of years back a worried fan wrote to remind her that the rook is an unlucky bird.

Sonya will not admit she is superstitious ("I probably would have turned out like this anyway, even without the wine bath.") but she figured there was no point in taking chances, so she changed the "b" to a "d." Is it just coincidence that her name now sounds as if she has been stacking up dough by the cord?

Sonya's instinct for financial advancement was paying dividends even before the development of the curvilinear dimensions which boosted her into the big-time bosom brigade. At 14 she was playing hookey from school to do an occasional day's work as an extra on the movie lots scattered around

***After-bath*** *shot catches Sonya blinking, towel very conveniently slipping.*

# "stand by to ram!"

*(Continued from Page 22)*

hove near the burning vessel. All around her, men struggled and shouted in the heaving water, some of them screaming in panic-stricken German. She was a large Nazi destroyer and a fire was raging in her vitals. To guard against treachery I ordered every gun on the *Impulse* trained on the burning vessel. I also brought the torpedo tubes to bear.

"We'll see if we can prize it," I said to Race. "Take a dozen men over with Sten Guns and rifles in case there's any trouble. If we hear you shooting we'll risk coming alongside. I'll get these survivors on board while you're crossing."

I hailed the few Carley floats and lifeboats wallowing in the swell, and told them in bad German to come alongside one by one. The swimming survivors were flung lines and hauled aboard, and in only a few minutes five officers and more than 100 men were safely escorted below.

Race suddenly appeared on the starboard deck of the floundering German destroyer. He cupped his hands and shouted:

"She's O.K., Sir! Seems there was a big ammunition fire on the upper deck. It spread down below and could have blown her up, but it didn't. The Jerries evidently thought it would, and ditched her."

"Is she serviceable?" I asked over the loud-hailer.

"I think so," he shouted back. "What shall I do with her?"

I thought about it for a few seconds, and then had a brain wave.

"Come back on board with your party!" I ordered. "I have plans for that Nazi crate."

A few minutes later I assembled all officers and petty officers of the *Impulse* on the bridge and explained what I was going to do. I would send my own ship back to harbor with a small party sufficient to navigate her and guard the German prisoners. The remainder of the *Impulse's* crew would man the German destroyer.

We would head for Zeebrugge with course and speed regulated so as to arrive within about 15 minutes of the port at daylight. A report would be made by radio, through the captured Nazi telegraphist, that the ship was in need of assistance at the rendezvous given.

I figured that if this "assistance" was not too formidable, there was every hope of increasing our bag before returning from patrol, trusting to the good old element of surprise. At the worst we could make a run for it. That captured destroyer was fairly modern and fast and, providing the engines were still operating efficiently, we'd be able to hightail it back to a British port.

Sure, it was risky, but it wasn't too reckless, and the only sad-sack face I detected in my crew was that of a reserve sub-lieutenant who was ordered to take the *Impulse* back to base. Soon she was shaping course for England, with a crew of 12 and over 100 prisoners.

The captured destroyer, which we renamed *Onaplate* to commemorate the ease with which we had appropriated her, headed towards Zeebrugge at slow speed. There was plenty of time in which to arrive at the rendezvous by daylight.

Mike Beresford, a junior officer who was thoroughly conversant with German as well as with wireless telegraph, was put in charge of the reluctant Nazi operator. Beresford rested the business end of a Webley revolver behind the operator's ear and told him, on pain of having his brains blown out, to send a message in plain language. The operator complied with alacrity and a message hit the other saying that the ship was returning damaged in action, and was in need of assistance at daylight outside Zeebrugge harbor.

I almost whooped for joy when the signal was duly acknowledged with typical German speed and efficiency. "Lock up the operator," I ordered. I wanted him at a safe distance from those instruments.

Pacing up and down my new bridge a few minutes later, only one thing worried me. In the haste of leaving the *Impulse*, I hadn't brought with me the Allied recognition signal for the night, and there was an uncomfortable chance of our meeting Allied MTB flotillas on their way back from harassing German shipping. I knew that the senior officer of Number Six Flotilla was Archie Neagle, one of my best friends. I suspected that right now he was probably hovering around that particular part of the ocean, and it would be a bit hard to be peppered and tin-fished by him.

I still hadn't solved the ticklish problem when the bridge lookout reported: "Four dark objects dead ahead, Sir."

I lifted my binoculars, then cursed my luck soundly and roundly. That was our little lot all right, and I knew that within seconds they would be heading for us at full speed and with all guns blazing and remaining torpedoes aimed.

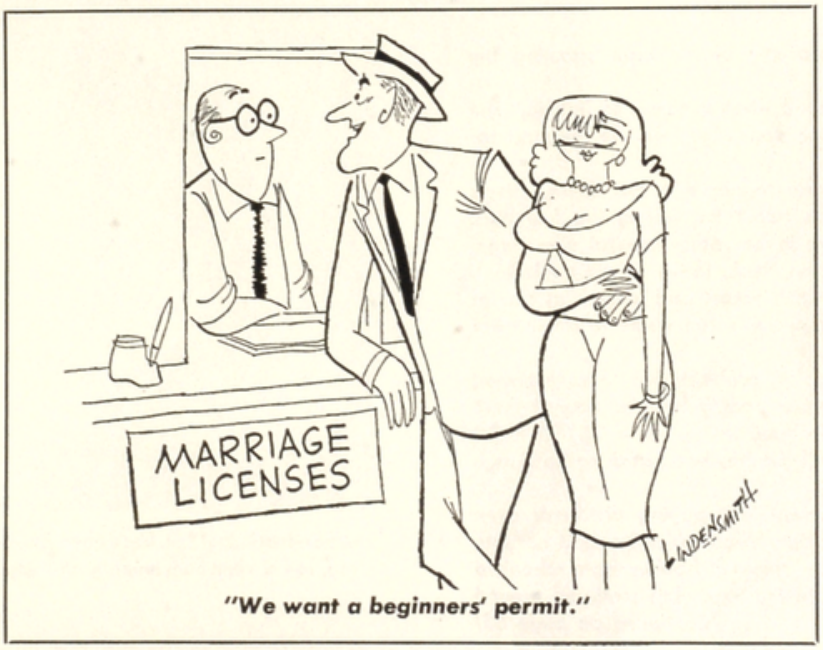
"Full ahead both!" I snapped. "We're going to try to shake 'em off. Messenger, tell Mr. Walker not to fire on any account."

As the helm went over and fluorescent wake creamed from the *Onaplate's* rakish bows, a winking light flashed out from the MTB's. It was the challenge for the night.

I shouted for the yeoman. "Just make a few flashes. Make 'em think a bit more and give us time. Any damn' thing will do."

The yeoman flashed something about "One meat ball" and "Little Bo Peep" and we sheered off as fast as we could make it. But those deadly MTB's were faster, and our captured German destroyer began to stand a first-rate chance of being either sunk without trace, or hit and damaged.

Then I had another brain wave.




***"We want a beginners' permit."***

m!" I yelled. "Hang on to your hats!" had
ut my helm hard over immediately in an shou
ıpt to remedy the torpedoes' mistakes. Sl
ldn't afford to hang around and waste that
over point-blank gunnery action. I had ner.
ake a quick job of it one way or another. A
e *Onaplate* struck the German de- had
er fair and square amidships with a *plat*
ning crash which tore her own bows to spot
ons of twisted steel. I backed full as- off s
with all guns still pouring shot and Ger
into the target. The German crew was be s
ously completely stunned, but a machine- Sl
suddenly opened up on the bridge and crew
ıng myself to the deck as a veritable the
of lead singed my duffel coat and capt
ched evenly-spaced holes all round the Tl
ge. The yeoman writhed and screamed wak
ıix slugs stitched him across the middle, scre
Sub-Lieutenant Wilkes, one of my junior wat
:ers, dropped with a bullet through plan
head. uncc
'Get that machine-gun!" I yelled, but I I
ld have saved my breath. Twin Span- and
ıs mounted abaft the *Onaplate's* bridge at f
ıned up with their deadly, insane chatter A
d within a split second the Nazi gunner fairl
d been riddled with slugs from the thinl
herland. give
"Full astern both!" I ordered, and as we for
cked off a huge rent showed itself in the deci
e of the enemy destroyer. Several human fron
ns and legs, crushed bodies and blood gon
d brains oozed from it. Evidently we had A
one of the most densely populated parts oced
the ship—probably the crew's mess deck. duti
The German quickly heeled over and and
gan to sink. I ordered "Cease fire" and *Imp*
ld Race to have a look at our damage. the
ı ran forward and inspected the damaged
ımpartments. "We're taking water fast!"
ı shouted. "We'll never make it home!"
I looked shoreward and saw the tug. It

***"That's fine—now***

# paris nights in london town

*(Continued from Page 25)*

the males only some of the time. Only when Nesbitt is convinced that a girl has projectible sex appeal does he turn his attention to her physical endowments.

"I choose girls who *look* right," says the maestro. "A girl may have all the right statistics, on paper, and still be wrong. My eye curves down from hair to face, from shoulder to waist, from hip to knee, from calf to ankle, and rests on the foot. If what I've seen makes me *feel* right, then the girl is right—and to hell with statistics!"

Taking its cue from France, London's own French night spot has even lined its men's room with a saucy array of luscious girls—not real ones, but life-size photos to remind guests of what awaits them back in the restaurant after they have washed their hands. "It makes working here a pleasure," says the chief attendant, whose name is Aly Khan. "Of course, new customers often pick up the soap and turn on the taps, then begin to study the pictures. Suddenly, they realize that the water is running up inside their shirt-sleeves, but usually they think the novelty well worth a couple of wet elbows."

All this may incline the prospective American visitor to the view that a night at the Pigalle is an expensive proposition. Surprisingly, the superb French service, the cooking like mother could never make, and more than an hour's top-class cabaret, come quite inexpensively. A four-course meal with all the trimmings, including a man-size steak and a bottle of fine wine, costs less than $15 for two people. At no extra cost, diners get the Pigalle lovelies thrown in to whet the jaded appetite.

Envious owners of more exclusive but less lucrative night spots wonder how this money-making miracle is achieved.

"That's easy," says Pigalle owner Bill Offner. "This is a big place, and we can seat 500 in comfort. People know they're going to get top value without being taken for a ride, and the show is so good our regular customers keep coming back."

As an added attraction, the Pigalle often imports the slinkiest Parisian stars to highlight the show, and top-name American strippers like Lee Sharon frequently get billing there. Glamour photographer Edgar Brind, who produces eye-catching pin-up publicity for the Pigalle, recalls the time hot French artiste Danielle Lamarr was sent to his studio for some customer-luring front-of-house shots.

The curvy French damsel came out from the dressing room and stood before Eddie's camera attired in a seductive smile and an irrelevant piece of sheer nylon. Brind knew that such a "costume" would be a rave on the stage, but might seriously congest the Piccadilly traffic if displayed outside the Pigalle.

Danielle looked down at her obvious charms, and said, "Can you see anything?"

"Could I see anything?" Brind reflected. "The only thing I *couldn't* see was what she was wearing! I played the perfect gentleman, though, and said no, I couldn't see anything."

"Zen why take ze picture?" frowned Danielle.

Most showgirls will tell you that a job is a job as far as most London cabaret stints are concerned, but the top lovelies are eager to work at the Pigalle, where side-by-side billing with famous acts means plenty of prestige. The girls also appreciate their spacious dressing rooms, and the fact that management does not treat them as mere merchandise.

"When a girl works here," says pert and shapely dancer Vicki Grey, "she feels at home. The Pigalle backstage is like a palace compared with the bug-infested kennels a girl has to put up with at some places."

Mindful of the girl-grabbing habits of inebriated males, producer Nesbitt has designed the Pigalle stage so that his glittering girls can be admired but not touched. At show time the big stage moves across the dance floor until it almost touches the front row of tables, with the boards at shoulder level. Elderly connoisseurs in the front row duck expertly to avoid having their toupees kicked off by the flying legs of the dancers. At the same time, the show can be viewed clearly from every part of the restaurant.

For a show so finely calculated to bring out a man's manhood, the Pigalle has had surprisingly few incidents with wolves in its five-year career. On those occasions when the wine combines with the sexy routines to make a diner forget the niceties of dining out, a thoughtful word from a waiter usually suffices to bring the aspiring caveman back to this century. Sometimes a drunk refuses to be subdued and either tries to mount the stage and increase the spectacle, or to get backstage and realize his unfulfilled dreams of sport in a harem.

Once, Pigalle's bouncer, Paddy, had to bum's rush a boisterous farmer whose success that day at a London livestock exhibition had made him feel like his own champion bull. Once in the vestibule, the burly farmer turned around and tried to get tough. Hearing an ominous crash, the head waiter rushed outside and found the farmer stretched cold in the wreckage of a show cabinet with a broken bottle of expensive perfume spilling its contents over his head.

"There now," exclaimed Paddy in astonishment. "All I did was wag me finger at the gentleman, and down he fell."

Another time, Paddy was called upon to quiet two of the younger sons of Britain's peerage, who were afflicting other customers with a running commentary on the bedworthiness of various girls on the stage. Paddy towered above the table, his ham-sized hands hovering near the starched collars of the two junior aristocrats.

"Come now, young sirs," he murmured quietly, "if the two of yiz won't be closin' the both of yiz mouths, then it's out I'll be throwin' all of yiz!"

One part of the Pigalle the customer never sees, but appreciates to the utmost, is the 100-foot kitchen where, under the supervision of a chef whose pay check tops that of many a cabaret star, appetizing odors rise from brilliant recipes. Chef Anton, whose favorite but inexplicable saying is "A well-cooked chicken should taste like a queen's leg," was one of Paris' top five kitchen-masters before the Pigalle lured him to England.

More than 180,000 people visit the Pigalle every year. Many of them are Americans, lucky enough to wander into the right nitery after walking up from Piccadilly Circus, but every language under the sun is spoken at the Pigalle's tables, and the maitre d'hotel prides himself that visitors from even the most obscure lands can be served by a waiter who understands their language.

Recently, a dapper little gent glanced at the menu with a frown, looked up at the waiter, pointed to himself and said, "Korean." One minute later another waiter arrived at the table and took the customer's order in fluent Korean. The maitre d'hotel had dashed around the corner, borrowed the cloakroom boy from London's only Korean restaurant, and hustled him to the Pigalle!

But the profoundest food comment ever made at a Pigalle table came from Sabrina, the bosomy English beauty who sprang to fame as the world's most genuine dumb blonde. Sabrina and a film producer popped in for a quick meal, and head waiter Georges Martel, learning that they were in a hurry, suggested a minute steak.

"How long will it take?" asked Sabrina.

The winning combination of the best in food and sex has earned for the Pigalle its treasured title "The Palladium with knives and forks," and press critics, fed up with the murky atmosphere of some other night spots, have added the compliment, "The girls are as provocative as the food, and the show as clean as the cutlery." o

# busty belle of bbc-tv

*(Continued from Page 59)*

"I used to borrow some clothes from an aunt who was about my size, and since I'd never heard of built-for-the-job falsies, I just used anything handy to add the necessary inches," Sonya recalls. "I didn't get caught until the day a casting exec asked me to raise my arms above my head. My home-made bosom took a dive—but I got the job, and a fatherly talk from the casting exec on the advantages of store-bought accessories."

Even in that far-off time she was picking up 30 bucks a day as an extra, and she likes to recall the day she doubled it by taking on two jobs. "The trouble was that the two studios were miles apart and it didn't look as though I was going to get away from the first one on time. I thought I could solve the dilemma by pretending to get sick.

"It worked too well (I guess the idea of losing that extra $30 really did make me look sick!)—the director wanted to call in the studio doctor. But I managed to persuade him that I couldn't bear the thought of being examined by anybody but my own doctor, and I just made it to the other job."

When she left school at 16 Sonya's parents insisted that she go into an office as a $15-a-week stenographer. Her first week was also her last when she informed her folks that her amateur photographer boss had tried to recruit her for photo sessions at his apartment. "Anyway," she says, "I didn't need a computer to figure the profit-and-loss on a job that paid only $15 a week."

She proved her point to her parents' satisfaction by landing a job with an up-and-coming dance band, and a few weeks later she moved on into variety.

She was singing one night at the London Casino when one of the patrons told her he was so impressed by her talent that he would like to accompany her on the piano. Fearing this was a prelude to a more intimate fugue after the show — in which she would find herself accompanied Sonya was on the point of telling her admirer to practice his keyboard calisthenics elsewhere when she recognized him. It was movie star Walter Pidgeon, who later helped her break into radio and television.

She shudders now at the thought of the cards she nearly threw away that night, and she has made it a policy ever since to play every hand that is dealt her, while keeping a couple of aces up her sleeve in case the dealer has stacked the deck.

One unforgettable crooked hand came her way in the Beverley Wilshire in Los Angeles, where she stopped off to stock up on shoes and have a look around before rejoining the Folies on its Australian tour.

While trying on shoes the ever-wary temptress spotted an expensively dressed admirer staring at her through the window in bug-eyed fascination. "He pounced the second I got outside and suggested a cozy chat over a drink. I told him I might consider it, but how could I be sure he wasn't one of those dangerous American gangsters I'd heard about? You know, the kind that always carries a gun. 'Oh, I carry a gun, but I'm no gangster,' he told me, and flipped open his coat to reveal a wicked looking revolver tucked neatly into a shoulder holster.

"I almost threw in my hand and ran for cover. But just then I remembered I still held all the strong cards, so we had that drink—in a very public bar—and I listened to his tale of woe.

"He had a wife, it seemed, who wouldn't let him off the leash in the evenings. But there was nothing to stop him seeing me during the day, for which pleasure he wanted me to have dinner on him (all by myself, of course). 'Where would you like to eat tonight?' he asked.

"Well, what could a girl say under those circumstances? I told him I'd settle for Romanoff's. That night I swept into Romanoff's in my slinkiest gown, was shown to a table next to one occupied by Marlene Dietrich, and proceeded to eat my way down the menu. Next morning I hopped on a plane to San Francisco to make my connection for Australia, and I never saw the gun-toting gent again."

For Sonya the highlight of that episode was the food she consumed at the expense of the wolf who got skinned. Having gone to school in 13 different countries, and travelled around the world eight times, she has developed a taste for culinary concoctions from every corner of the globe.

Being a singer who knows the value of her vocal chords, Sonya neither drinks nor smokes, but when it comes to eating she admits that "gluttonous" accurately describes her habits with knife and fork. Touching wood, crossing her fingers and clutching a

cious eating habits have never upset the delicate balance of her dynamic dimensions.

Sonya re-entered the headlines recently when she moved into the star spot at the Don Juan-Casanova Club, a plush London nitery where palpitating patrons had previously been entertained by the pectorally overpowering Sabrina. The event's headline-hitting aspect overflowed from the fact that the finely-figured Sonya filled every eye-widening inch of the gowns which had been specially made to accommodate her predecessor's protruding prow.

Sonya's singing stint at the Don Juan-Casanova keeps her out of bed until nearly 4 a.m., but she's on her feet again by 10 to begin a round of activities which would leave a long-distance runner gasping for breath. At the moment, Sonya sweeps through three singing and four dancing lessons a week, rehearses daily for a new show, sings nightly at the Don Juan, and still finds time to thoroughly enjoy herself.

But being constantly on the move comes naturally to Sonya, and she long ago learned the value of moving fast. In 1942 she and her mother skipped out of Singapore just a few days before Hirohito's hordes took over that ill-fated far-eastern outpost. A few months later, mother and daughter headed back to Blighty on a ship carrying 2,200 other refugees and wounded troops.

Off the coast of Africa it began to look as if that wine bath was going to be wasted after all. Shells were being lobbed at the speeding vessel and the order went out to prepare to abandon ship. Sonya was wrapped in a blanket and put into a lifeboat before it was discovered that the "attacker" was an American destroyer trying to stop the ship to inform the Dutch captain that he had been using the wrong code for his radio signals!

Next to satisfying her appetite, gambling is Sonya's favorite pastime. And the same sure instinct that has protected her from predatory males seems to be at work when she plays the ponies. Back in England after a tour of Australia she heard from her Down Under accountant that the Aussie Bureau of Internal Revenue had refunded some of her hard-earned cash. He wanted to know where he should send it.

"Don't send it," she cabled back. "Just put it on a horse—any horse." A week later she got a wire telling her that a 20-1 shot had won by a nose and she was $1,200 richer.

With luck like that, a man-melting vocal style and swelling physical assets that rank as high-dividend stock, Sonya feels she has made the grade. Chorus kicker, burley dancer, band singer, bit player and now a rapidly rising star, she has survived all the show business bumps and come back gamely looking for more. So you don't have to be a wine merchant to know that Cordeau

# the horn for plenty

*(Continued from Page 46)*

whistled close to the boy's backside, and the grinning rascal ducked into the crowd.

"Sister!" Torey said disapprovingly.

"Quite the thing here, old man. Think nothing of it. Enthusiastic little devils, these Indian girls. Chap needs powdered rhino horn to keep up with them. Hah!"

"Powdered rhino horn? I don't . . . "

"Buy it in chemist shops. Gives a chap vigor, and all that rot."

"You mean powdered rhino horn's an aphrodisiac?"

"That's th' word! Never tried it myself, though. Chap cawn't just walk into a chemist's and ask for rhino-horn powder. I mean —humph. How about a sundowner?"

"No, thanks," Torey said. "See you around, maybe."

Torey found Gobson and Gridley sipping gin-and-tonic at a table in the tea-room. He seated himself and ordered ginger beer.

"Look, old man." Gridley said. "We understand how you feel about faking the hunting. But I'd planned a quick safari to the Guaso Nyiro River country. All the beasts we want and hottest country this side of hell. Now don't get huffy, old chap, but you'll never stand that heat. Not a green blade of grass this time of year. Ground so hot that a fella sweats salt right through his shoes. Your type could never see it through."

"What the hell do you mean—my type?" Torey demanded.

"Underweight, don't eat meat. Must eat meat if you're going to foot-slog through that furnace. Proteins, y' know."

"I'm going with you," Torey said flatly.

"Well, then," Gridley said, "we'll get you a Somali pony. Easier on you. May take a bit of doing though—not many around here." He got to his feet. "Time to push off to the Club," he said. "We feed at seven."

"Will it take long to teach me to shoot?" Torey asked.

"Once we get up along the Guaso Nyiro," Gridley said, "I'll have you potting crocs through the ear-hole in a week."

For a binge, Torey found the party at the Faunus Club slow in getting started. Twenty old codgers—most of them mustached ex-army officers—sat at a long table before tankards of warm beer. First course was beer soup. Then came pickled herring, roast breast of goose, frogs legs and pig knuckles. The menu listed no vegetables, so Torey resignedly munched bread and butter, and listened to the conversation:

". . . awfully bunged up, he was. Mauled, in fact. Beast got away . . ."

". . . husband was frightfully annoyed. Called her a tart . . ."

". . . used my stick on the bounder . . ."

". . . potted him with the first shot. Turned out he wasn't Mau Mau after all . . ."

Across the table, Colonel St. John-Meagher was not eating either. Finally noticing Torey's abstinence, he pushed back his chair, motioned Torey to follow him, and led the way to the Club's card room.

"Been off my feed for two days now." the Colonel said. "You seem offish y'rself. How about a go at two-handed stud—American game, y' know."

An hour later as Torey raked in the last pot, the colonel said: "Y've done me in. Y'r not easily spoofed, m' boy."

Torey smiled. "Sorta hate to take your money."

"Bagatelle. Have scads. When y' pushing off after trophies?"

"Just as soon as Gridley finds me a Somali."

The blue veins on the colonel's nose turned a sparkling purple. "Hah!" he barked, "rippin' idea! Brilliant, in fact! Hah! Har-rumph."

"I don't understand. What's brilliant?"

"That Somali idea. You *want* one, and, by Jove, I *have* one that's a bit too much f'r me. How about a hand of stud for her—that 50 quid you won against my Somali?"

"Well . . ."

"Excellent!" He shuffled the cards and dealt.

When Torey won, the colonel chuckled heartily, drew a key from his waistcoat pocket and tossed it on the table. "Number nine, Tukuyu Road. Rent's paid six months ahead. Must be off now. Cheer-o."

When Gridley showed up minutes later Torey was still staring thoughtfully at the key in his hand.

"Someone said you were at cards with Old Seventy-Fourth Foot." Gridley said. "Luck?"

"Yes, I won 50 pounds and a horse—a Somali."

"A what? Well, so the old roue' parted with his Somali! Did he describe her?"

"No."

"Gad! Well, get your hat," he said. "Let's have a look in the stable."

At Zaila's door, Torey handed Gridley the key. "I smell something phony," he said. "You open it."

Gridley knocked lightly, turned the key, then propelled Torey across the threshold where he froze. Zaila, draped in a sheer golden negligee, languished on a divan. Behind her, the maid Tatu crouched like an ancient white-eyed idol. In a voice as soft as jacaranda petals, Zaila said:

"Where is the fat one?"

Gridley said: "I bring your new master, Zaila. He won you from the colonel in a card game."

Whimpering, Tatu withdrew to a shadowed corner.

"Quiet, ugly one," Zaila said. Then to Gridley: "Thees new one at least does not look like a hippo. Thees one I can love." She stepped towards Torey, the negligee clinging carelessly to her bronzed body. Torey's eyes widened.

"You won her, old man," Gridley said, "and she's your responsibility. That's Kenya for you."

Sweat beading his upper lip, Torey couldn't move. Zaila gently placed one flower-like hand on his arm.

"I have said it, O new one," she whispered. "You I can love."

Gridley closed the door softly on his way out.

When two days passed without word from Torey, Gridley went to his hotel and learned that a wizened female native had picked up his suitcase the day before. Gridley waited another two days, then sent a note by his houseboy to Zaila's apartment. Torey's reply read:

"No reason to go hunting. See you when you get back."

Three days later, however, just as Gridley and his seven porters were about to start off in a heavily-loaded Chevvy flatbed, Torey showed up. He was followed by two Wakambas—each carrying on his head a 50-pound box of dehydrated cereals and vegetables. Torey carried a new rifle.

"Thought I'd go along after all," he grinned. "Want to get me a rhino."

Gridley frowned. "What th' hell do you want a rhino for?"

"To tell the truth," Torey said uncomfortably, "Zaila . . ."

"God's truth, man! Don't tell me you're already—I mean—is it the horn you're after?"

Torey looked sheepish. "Yes," he said.

After three days of treking toward Lorian Swamp, Torey realized what Gridley meant when he said the Guaso Nyiro country is a steaming hell. The sun burned down from a white-hot, cloudless sky. And the red sand scorched the boot soles so that sweat seeped through shoe leather and left dry, white streaks on the trail.

At noon of the fourth day, Torey staggered and went to his knees. "I'm cold," he said, "and shaky inside."

"Did you take your salt pill this morning?" Gridley asked.

"No—I don't believe in using salt."

Gridley cursed. "Now hear me, Yank," he said. "Either you eat and drink what I tell you or we turn back right now." He poured a tin mug of tea from his water-bottle, added a teaspoonful of salt, stirred it and handed it to Torey. "Drink it," he said shortly.

Torey drank, then Gridley helped him lie down in the shade cast by one of the mules. White-lipped, Torey rested his head on an arm, and was instantly asleep.

While Torey slept, Gridley shot a wild river hog, cut out the liver and loins, and gave the rest of the carcass to the porters. Then he impaled a slice of liver on a stick, broiled it over the coals of a dying fire and woke Torey.

"Eat it, Osgood. Broiled liver."

"Please," Torey grimaced, "not liver!"

"Do you want to bag a rhino?"

"Yes-s-s . . . I promised Zaila . . ."

"Then eat the liver," Gridley said.

Torey pulled the meat from the stick. ok a small bite, chewed, swallowed and iddered. Then he ate a second slice and third. While still chewing a fourth slice, fell asleep again.

He slept 14 straight hours—almost without ving. At dawn, Gridley wakened him. od was sizzling in a skillet, and Torey ffed eagerly. "What is it?" he asked. "Lion chops," Gridley said. "Big ones."

By the time the safari made camp on the st border of Lorian Swamp, Torey had ten and enjoyed fried slices of crocodile , boiled guinea fowl, a pasty of monitor ard and fish, and a hippo haunch that d first been wrapped in fig leaves, then cased in a shell of river mud and placed a hole with red-hot rocks, covered with il and baked thus for 12 hours.

During three weeks of shooting lessons d small game expeditions, Torey gamely ffered sweat-scalded feet and Charley rses. His hands, face and neck burned, stered and peeled. Although he ate like glutton, he lost weight. Then miraculously, e heat bothered him no more, his legs took eir daily beating and felt fine; the skin at replaced his sunburn became Indian own, and he began gaining one pound day.

Late on a stuffy, airless afternoon as the o sat beneath a dom palm watching a rge croc—its snout out of water—eye a in Boran cow stepping down to drink, ridley said: "I can't understand why you dn't just buy your powdered rhino horn Nairobi. Why come all this way for it?"

"There's no genuine powdered horn in airobi," Torey said. "A druggist told me at what's sold as powdered horn in East frica is fake. Said all the real stuff's ipped to India. And I've still not seen hide r hair of a rhino."

"You'll see 'em—any day now."

Three days later a bull rhino rose from e grass near a clump of bushes and stood rning his head nervously from side to side.

"Seventy yards," Gridley said. "Aim at s shoulder."

Torey fired. The rhino staggered a few aces, then began trotting in a tight circle. orey moved closer. The rhino came at him t a gallop. Torey stood his ground until ie charging rhino—at 20 yards distance—owered his horn for the thrust. Reacting ke a veteran, Torey stepped to one side nd fired a bullet in the animal's head as it arged past. The rhino fell like a piled-up eight car.

That evening beside the camp fire Torey oyed with the 25-inch horn. Gridley said: Doubt you'll need that horn now, old fella. ou're in tip-top condition. You've gained 5 pounds, and you've the appetite of a rocodile."

Torey looked surprised. "Me?" he said. For Pete's sake! *I* don't want the rhino orn powder!"

"You don't! Then—who . . .?"

# barehanded hunt for cougar!

*(Continued from Page 29)*

female—100 pounds of snarling terror.

Her buff-colored coat seemed soft and almost strokable in the noon sunlight, but each snarl revealed long, white teeth that menaced anyone—man or dog—that approached her.

A shot at this range would have been easy, even with a hand gun—so easy, in fact, that it seemed unsportsmanlike to finish her off that way. The trio dismounted and Bill grabbed a coil of rope from his saddle. "Let's take her alive," he said. It was reasonable enough—the predator would be rid of and the money a zoo would pay for her would cover the expenses of the hunt.

Tying the hounds to nearby trees (a cougar can disembowel a dog with the swipe of a claw or crush its skull with one bite), the men prepared to scale the tree. Bill Miller was the obvious candidate.

With a 40-foot lariat and an axe to protect himself against the angry cat, he began the ascent. About four feet below the cougar, Bill deferred to the possibility of a wicked swipe of claw and stopped climbing. He cleared away the intervening branches with an axe and sized up the possible approaches for looping the cat's neck. The lion spit, her amber eyes threatening.

Bill's first try with the rope failed; the cougar fended it off easily with her paw. So did the second and third. After a few moments, Bill looked down to Ralph Kimble, who was crouched about 20 feet from the base of the tree, restraining one of the hounds in a bear hug.

"Let'm go, Ralph, he'll turn her head."

The diversionary tactic worked. No sooner had Kimble released the dog than the cougar snapped her head 180 degrees to face her hoarsely barking tormentor. Bill acted with bullet speed; in a second the rope was around the cat's neck. The next step would not be so easy.

In order to prevent the lion from the tree, Bill would have to work the rope around one of her front legs. Traditionally, mountain lions are not fond of having ropes tied around their necks in the first place. If the hunter *is* skillful enough to accomplish this, he usually finds that the cat will resist any further bondage with every bit of wit and savagery at its disposal. The only way to get the rope around her paw, Miller knew, was to work it around with a long stick. But *nothing doing* was the cougar's reaction to Bill's first such attempt.

After winding the rope around a branch, Bill cut another stick. This was a second diversionary tactic: With one, he would harass the cat by prodding her, while with the other he would attempt to loop the rope. The only thing in his favor now was the lion's flailing paw.

It worked.

"Work the rope over a good strong limb, then yank!" Bill shouted to the Kimbles below. "But don't hurt her!"

From the ground, the men jerked on the rope and the cougar plummeted through the branches. With a twang of the rope, her fall was checked only a few feet from the rocks of the dried up river bed. Miller scampered down the tree and made for the now-dangling depleter of his livestock. At his signal, the Kimbles pulled sharply, allowing Bill to grab the tail.

Stretched horizontally, the cougar was now close to helpless. But lion-wise Bill Miller knew that the cat's hind legs were as viciously clawed as her forelegs and so he approached them with caution. With another length of rope he managed to get the rear legs bound — but only after several mal-intended swipes narrowly missed ripping open his belly.

With three of the lion's legs now out of commission, the mouth presented the next problem. The cat lay on the river bed rocks and was virtually immobile. Bill approached her head from behind and as his companions pulled once again on the rope, he worked a two-inch-diameter stick into the mouth, like a horse's bit. "Cord!" he commanded sharply and Leonard Kimble quickly complied. With the proficiency of a rodeo calf roper, Miller had the jaws wound shut in seconds. The forelegs were easy after that.

As his brother loaded the lioness onto Miller's saddle, Leonard Kimble had to blind the horse with a cupped hand—the sight of the cat would probably have panicked him into a runaway sprint, which on *this* rugged terrain, would have been as dangerous as a mauling from two cougars. But once packed upon and out of sight of the mount, the big cat looked just like an overgrown Tabby—a far cry from the way she must have looked to

# the ghost of the rolls royce

*(Continued from Page 19)*

Engine sub-frames or mountings had not yet been devised, and in those days the power unit was bolted directly to the chassis on four or six bearer arms. The Ghost's engine was fixed to the chassis by bearer arms at the rear only; the front was supported on bell cranks pivoted to the chassis side members. Thus, the frame was able to twist on uneven surfaces without distortion of the floating engine.

Royce, an automotive genius with the business sense of a four-year-old, roamed his factory searching for faulty workmanship. Many white-bearded employees remember seeing Royce find an engine with a tiny imperfection and begin beating it with a 14-pound hammer.

Many of the running virtues of this superb car are due to its special carburetor and ignition systems. In 1906, carburetors were primitive and makeshift. Royce, therefore, built his own. It remained in production on Rolls-Royce cars until 1934.

Dissatisfied with existing coil ignition, Royce wound his own coils, and fitted a second set of supplementary spark plugs to insure easy starting and steady idling under all conditions. (Neither electric starting nor lighting had yet been introduced.) Magneto and coil ignition systems were both employed, with double sets of wiring, in a manner worthy of the best present-day designs.

The ignition harness is beautifully arranged — the coil ignition leads assembled in tiers of tubes at the side over the induction manifold — and there was little chance of an early mechanic getting confused by their layout. In front of the engine, the timing gear case includes a drive to the steel-and-compo gear wheel on the camshaft, and also to the magneto on the same side.

Fifty years ago it was common practice to direct the exhaust gases straight to a single exhaust pipe and silencer, then out into the air. Royce fitted a separate manifold to each group of three cylinders, causing a 50 per cent drop in the speed of the gases while they passed through two pipes to a very big expansion chamber. Here, the tempo of the gases was further reduced before they arrived at a big silencer, from which they were channeled to the exhaust pipe and fishtail. Thus, half a century ago, this engineer-seer achieved the result obtained today with twin silencers operating in tandem.

Today, the Silver Ghost is London's only moving landmark, and to ride in her — as I have done — is to ride in history. But the old Ghost is as good as new, so no one can say how or when that history will end.

You cannot buy a Ghost today, but you can buy a Rolls-Royce. That is, if your wallet bulges sufficiently: $14,000 brings you the fancy Silver Cloud saloon (just one, sir), which threatens to replace the Caddy as America's top executive car. An extra long wheelbase job costs another $2,500, and if you like power-assisted steering it is $300 more.

If you are a gent who likes racy lines, but feels shy about riding in a Rolls, you can have the famous Bentley "S." The handsome Bentleys are made by Rolls — in fact they are Rolls-Royces except for their radiators. Being simpler to make, the Bentley comes $300 cheaper than the Rolls.

Of course, if you fancy really expensive cars, there is the ambassador's choice, the Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith. Delivery time is one year: the cost, $22,000. If you don't write that size check, but still want to look ambassadorial, try a Bentley Continental — they are only $20,000.

Anyone is pardoned for asking: "What do I get for all that money?"

Take the Silver Cloud first. Short by U.S. standards (only 17' 7¾"), your Cloud contains a six-cylinder engine made to standards one expects to find only in a precision watch. It has a 4,887 c.c. capacity, 106 mph top speed and you can reach 90 mph from a standing start in 34.1 seconds. With one passenger aboard, the elegant Cloud weighs around two tons.

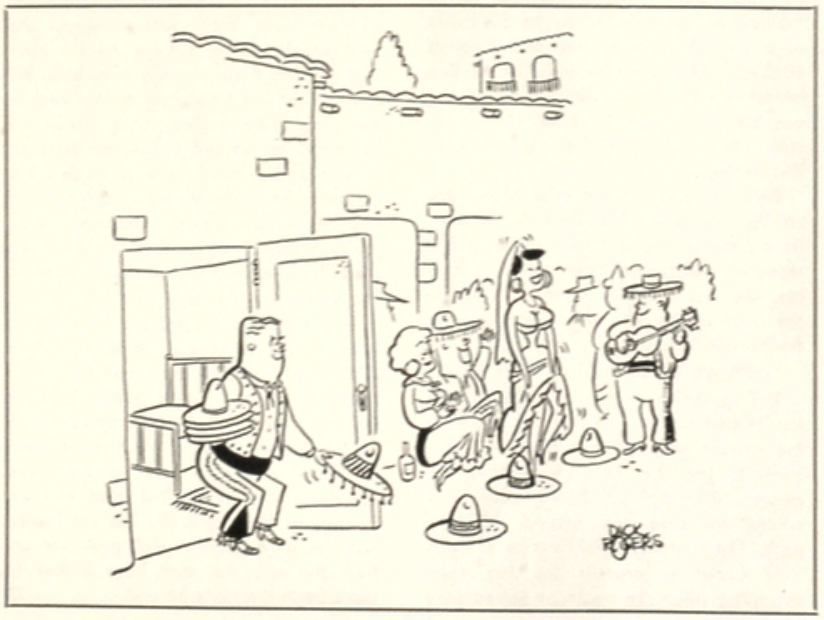
Automatic transmission ratios on the three lower gears produce 22, 34 and 63 mph respectively, and cruising speed offers no problems even in excess of 100 mph. Certainly on good roads you can drive steadily at 90 mph from one tankful to the next.

Just in case you can equal this with your souped-up 1925 Cord, there *is* a difference. To quote the Technical Editor of *The Motor*, "At 60 m.p.h. the loudest noise comes from the electric clock." In fact, the silence of Rolls-Royce engines is uncanny. The secret? *Three mufflers tune out sound frequencies — acoustically!*

If you think this suggests painstaking attention to detail, you are right. Every engine is run for seven hours at full throttle before being installed, and each car is test-driven for several hundred miles over varying road surfaces. And that breath-taking opulence on the coachwork is the result of five hand-rubbed coats of primer paint, in preparation for 14 (yes, 14) coats of finishing paint!

Still think you are paying too much? Flip that switch on the steering column and you have adjusted the shock absorbers to suit road conditions. Lack of fatigue is the remarkable driving experience you can have at the paltry price of your life savings. Another switch defrosts the rear window by heating a network of 1360 invisible wires in the glass. There are front and rear ventilating systems to keep driver and passengers cool (or warm) with all windows closed.

The seats are upholstered with eight hides



# princes of plunder

*(Continued from Page 67)*

to assault the bastions of the Begum Sombre?"

"Aye, Madame," cried Thomas, throwing off his sword-belt. "And I can do it with no other weapons than those Nature gave me!"

When Thomas left the Begum's quarters just before dawn he bumped into the German Colonel Pauly, who asked sneeringly, "And have you been consolidating your position with the Begum?"

"I suppose that's one way of putting it," snapped Thomas. "Anyways, I'm to raise six more battalions immediately."

But Thomas had reckoned without the cunning of le Vassoult, who managed to persuade the Begum that the Irishman was conspiring with her enemies at Delhi. Thomas and his troops were 70 miles away, punishing a rebel Sikh chief who refused to pay tribute, when word reached him that upon his return to camp the Begum intended to have him shot from the mouth of a cannon.

Having killed a few hundred Sikhs and exacted a fine of two lakhs of rupees ($300,000), Thomas decided that discretion might be the better part of valor. Instead of sending the money to the Begum, he called his troops together and settled their arrears of pay in full, a state of affairs the enthusiastic mercenaries had never known before.

Thomas then told the cheering men that the Begum had wrongly branded him as a traitor, and persuaded them to raise the rebel standard under his command. They began immediately to ravage the countryside, attacking villages and forts, and levying tribute wherever they went.

Like General de Boigne, George Thomas married a beautiful native girl, a gift from his erstwhile mistress the Begum, and she set up house for him in the province of Tappal, where he stationed his army and built a gun foundry. For eight years the might of the Irish freebooter grew until his army of 10,000 European-officered infantry and 20,000 cavalry were feared from Delhi to Kabul. An unprincipled adventurer, Thomas sold his power to any chief who could raise enough rupees, but was never once guilty of betraying a trust.

Thomas' prowess as a gallant lover was at least equal to his military achievement. He gathered a harem of 10 beautiful wives at Tappal, and had enough energy left to court any high-born Begum who favored his advances. In a colorful message to a friend at Calcutta in 1788, he described how he had given freedom to an attractive princess captured when his battalions had massacred her rabble of cavalry.

In the letter, written for him by a subordinate British officer, the Irishman informs his friend ". . . she seemed not unfriendly to my advances and even took wine with me but, to my regret, accepted the safe conduct I offered. Perhaps my outlying Telingas (infantry) resolved her to return to the safety of my tent, at all events she burst in upon me after I had taken to my couch, *mounted on an elephant with little sense of direction!* The beast nearly trampled me to death, but the princess apologized prettily. I took a second supper with her, wined some more, and she stayed the night."

Thomas' power was finally smashed in December, 1801, when his troops were fought to a standstill by a superior force under the French Colonel Louis Bourguien, in one of the most heroic defense actions of all time. Harried in unfriendly country, retreating through hordes of murderous bandits whose idea of fun was to ambush stragglers and shoot their vitals back into the ranks tied to arrows, Thomas' weary force arrived at Hansi, on the banks of the Umptee. The Irishman had started with a force of 8000. The cowardly Bourguien, riding behind his English-officered troops, had seen Thomas' ranks reduced to less than 3000 in three weeks of running warfare.

By nightfall of December 1, 1801, the Irishman's troops had been forced back through streets slippery with blood into the citadel at the center of the town. For another three weeks, torn with hunger, lacking water and ravaged by illness, the heroic garrison repulsed attack after attack. Bourguien's guns could not breach the nine-foot-thick mud walls which swallowed the shot like peas in wool. Thomas finally surrendered, when his opponent promised safe conduct for his troops and a free pass for himself and his personal property to the friendly territory of the East India Company.

That night, the Irishman who had become lord of an Indian province was invited to dine with his vanquisher. Bourguien's officers treated Thomas as a hero and carefully refrained from any mention of recent events. The wine flowed free, but during the evening Bourguien raised his glass and shouted, "Let us drink to the success of Perron's arms!" Perron was the general, superior to Bourguien, who intended to beat the British out of India.

The British officers turned down their glasses in disapproval, but Thomas jumped to his feet, flushed and swaying, and threatened to "cut the black French heart" out of his host. Only when pacified by the British did Thomas lurch back to his seat, but Bourguien had already fled the room. Later, on his way back to his cottage, the Irishman was challenged by a sentry.

"Who-go-dere?"

"The sword of India!"

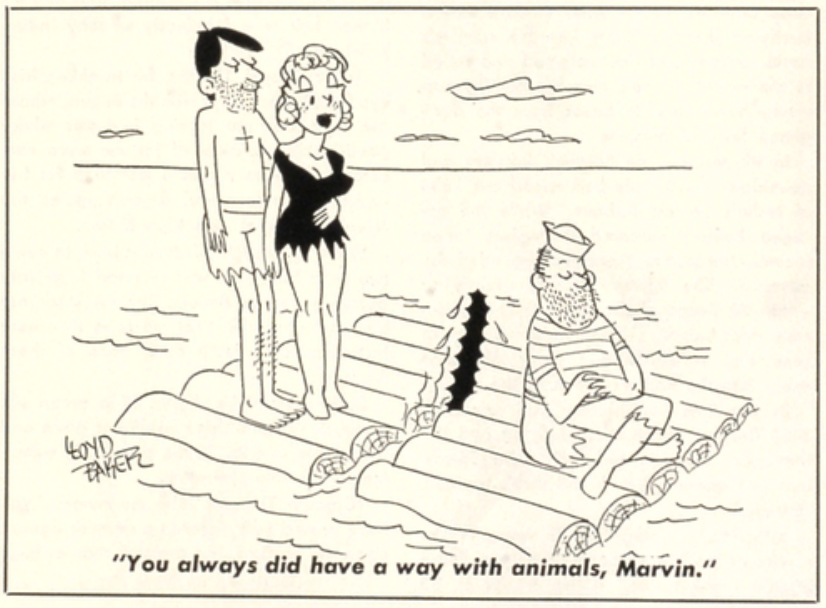
"Me not know dat password."

"All India knows that password!" yelled the drunken man, and, fraught up by the crumbling of his one-man empire, Thomas sliced off the man's hand with a stroke of his sword. When told next morning what he had done, Thomas broke down and wept. Then he sent for the sentry and gave him 1000 rupees, enough to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life.

Thomas was escorted to Georgegarh, where he chose to live out his exile. Overcome by the rigors of eight years on the burning plains of India, he had given way to drink and dissipation. Now, his head lolled on his chest as he rode, but his figure was stiff as a ramrod in the saddle. Behind him, 10 camels carried his fortune of rupees and precious gems, the proceeds of his freebooting, which even in defeat, no one chose to take from him.

A further 10 camels carried his harem of 10 native wives! What a defeat for a soldier!

It was not all beer and skittles for the soldiers of fortune in India. Indeed, many of them found horrible deaths at the hands of treacherous masters as well as their enemies. But as long as men seek adventure and fortune for the love of the game, names like de Boigne and George Thomas will keep the standards flying. O




***"You always did have a way with animals, Marvin."***

# *Back Again!*

## GIFT-WRAPPED GIRL FRIENDS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

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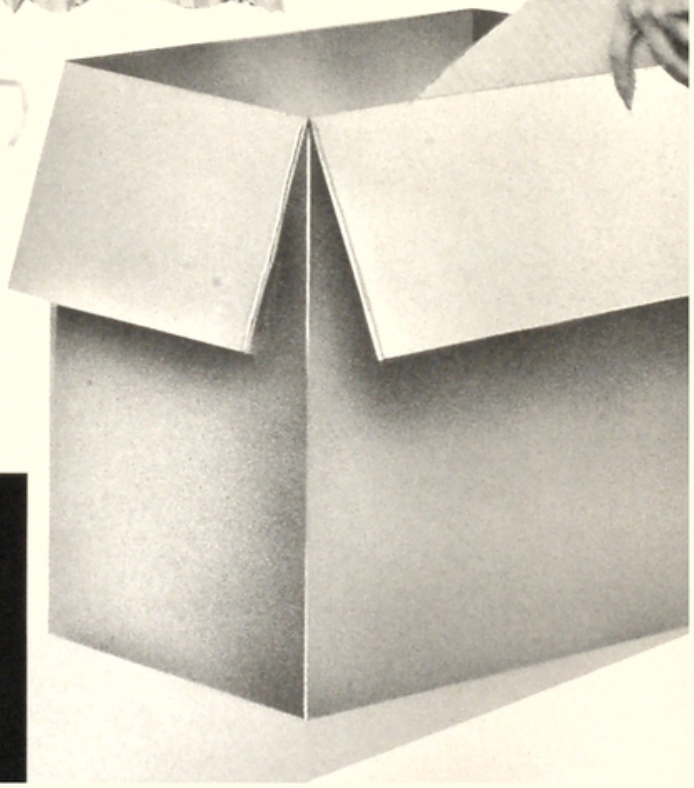
When gifts assume proportions as exciting as 38-23-36, everyone knows that it's much better to receive than to give—and your letters have indicated that you are ready once more to receive another offering of our pulse-quickening "Gift-Wrapped Girl Friends." As they say in show biz vernacular, they are "back by popular demand" in Volume #17. You'll meet four gorgeous gifts like Sharon Marlo who will pop out at you just as she's doing at the right. Be sure you're on hand for her arrival (above) and stick around for a very rewarding photo session (below). And there'll be cars, adventure and fiction, too.